

JUNE, 1922

# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The Betrayer - - - Frank Charleson

A Saint in the Alcove - - Helen Moriarty

The Laymen's Retreat League of Philadelphia  
John J. Sullivan

The Catholic Grandson of Renan - Ronald Betson

With the Passionists in China  
Hankow to Schenchofu—Famine

Saint Gabriel  
Possenti  
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THEODORE NOONAN, Editor  
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Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be type-written; and accompanied by return postage. Available Mss. will be paid for on acceptance.

Subscriptions, Advertising, and Business Matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates on application.

Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, or Change of Address should be sent in two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should always be given.

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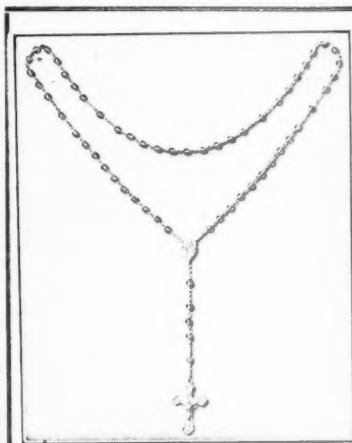
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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1922

No. 11

## A Mystery Chapel In Rome

REV. GABRIEL DEMEY, C. P.

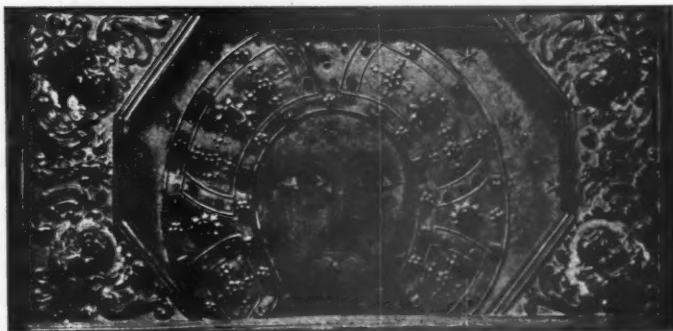
### PART II.

TO all the succeeding popes this wonderful chapel became very dear. It was quite an exclusive little favorite; its altar, like that in St. Peter's and St. John Lateran's, is exclusively papal. No one has the privilege of celebrating mass thereon but the Holy Father himself. The last of the popes who celebrated Mass there was the saintly Pius IX. In 1853 he presented to the chapel a pallium, made of gold and lamb's wool, as a mark of predilection, and in connection with the ceremony of presentation, celebrated Mass there and wore the decoration for the first time. And so it has been to all the popes—very dear. It is little but it is much loved, and so it was highly favored not only in the ways mentioned, but exquisite art touched it at every point, and the best of the best and the richest of the rich was gathered within its sacred walls.

In the realm of Catholic art, there are two pictures, one of our Blessed Lord and the other of our Blessed Lady, which stand out as valued

beyond value and formerly both of these adorned the favorite chapel. The one is the well known painting of the Blessed Virgin which is attributed to St. Luke. During a violent plague in 1227 this venerated picture was carried in devout procession through the city of Rome and the Holy Father, then Pope Gregory IX. wished to make some more than

usual sacrifice to win the great mercy of God upon the afflicted city, and therefore he ordered that the great treasure be never returned to him but be given to the church of Santa Maria del Popolo, where it remains the object of greatest veneration.



ACHEROPITA—NOT MADE BY HUMAN HANDS

The other is the most celebrated picture of Christ in all the world, the incomparable Acheropita. This picture is regarded as an object of the greatest veneration, yes, but it is admired and esteemed for a refinement of art that is admittedly preternatural in the richness of coloring, and in the majesty and perfection of its expression. This picture won eulogies from scholars and critics—veritable panegyrics which are startling in their

## THE † SIGN

lavishness of praise. One of the calmest of modern writers, a man who weighs well the meaning of every word he uses, after a thorough study of the Sancta Sanctorum and all its great treasures—and that sanctuary is the richest treasure house in all christendom—says “the principal one of its possessions is the Acheropita of Christ. So they who understand extol this picture now; all the ages have praised this treasure. Its name, which is of Greek origin, would indicate how it was regarded in the days gone by. The meaning of that unusual word Acheropita is “not made by human hands.” The artistic excellence of the work is beyond art in its richness, perfection and divine splendors. It is therefore considered preternatural and so it is very frankly called “Imago Acheropita,”—a picture of (the Lord Jesus) not done by human hands.

VOLUMES learned and critical have been written about this picture with the strange name. The detailed story of its origin and history was officially written down by one of the canons of the Basilica of St. John Lateran and is preserved in the archives of that library. It tells us that when, after the Ascension of Our Lord into heaven, our Blessed Lady and the apostles had returned from the great vision of Mount Olivet, they were filled with vivid and rapturous memories of the sight and they and the rest of the orphaned disciples wished still to behold the splendor of the human features of Jesus, illumined as they were by divine radiance as He rose up higher and higher and finally faded from their astonished sight. So that the beauties might never fade from their minds they besought St. Luke to paint truly that brilliant vision—that human countenance divine. But the saint who knew that the glories of it were all beyond the powers of his

art, was extremely embarrassed and begged to be excused. But the pleadings still continued and as they grew more and more earnest the holy painter besought the assistance of our dear Lady and the holy apostles asking to be relieved from attempting this impossible thing; but the urgings became even stronger and so by long fasts and fervent prayers he turned his pleadings to our Blessed Lord and finally set himself to work. He set up a walnut board which he had carefully prepared and began his work.

He traced the first lines of his sketch, turned his attention momentarily to his colors nearby and, lo! turning back his eyes he saw the picture finished to the last detail, finished by divine agency. The holy man was overcome at the sight of this miraculous piece of art and fell prostrate before it—the first to do homage to the heavenly wonder, the Acheropita, not done by human hands. From that time on the miraculous picture has been the object of the greatest devotion. It was carefully treasured by the apostles and after they scattered over the world it remained in Jerusalem in the possession of our dear Lady herself and there it was a comfort



BRONZE PORTAL OF THE SANCTA SANCTORUM

and a magnet of love. It has been such ever since. It was carefully guarded and was very early brought to Rome and placed in the hands of the successors of St. Peter as the richest of all the legacies that have been bequeathed to the church from apostolic times.

Pope Innocent III. covered it with plates of silver, studded with jewels, leaving only the sacred face exposed. Thus we can readily understand why that painting has ever attracted the study and attention of artists and scholars, and won from the faithful of all times and places, such profound devotion as becomes the miraculous and the supernatural. All the succeeding popes have exercised in its behalf



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the greatest jealousy and solicitude. To describe the sentiments of the clergy and people of Rome, the great demonstrations of fervor for this loved of all loved pictures would not be possible.

Among the greatest public demonstrations that took place in the Eternal City was the annual procession in honor of the Acheropita, the picture of Christ not made by human hands. This was called "the glory of Rome" and on the Feast of the Assumption each year it was carried in procession and the cardinals, bishops, priests and people by the thousands as well as all the civil authorities participated, but (and it is a singular case) the inestimable privilege of carrying that heaven-made face of Christ was reserved to the Holy Father and to him alone.

**R**OME'S veneration for the wonder picture has not ceased with time. During the troubled years of the world war the holy treasure was not displayed. The latest public manifestation offered to it was during the Constantine Jubilee in 1913. By order of Pius X. the holy picture was carried from the Sancta Sanctorum and solemnly enthroned on the Altar of the Confession in St. Peter's and there it remained constantly exposed in glory to the veneration of the faithful by day and night throughout an entire month, from the 5th of April to the same day in May, and, as is the custom with us during the solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, a guard of honor knelt in devotion exercises before it, but in this case the guard was made up alternately of the clergy and the laity of Rome. During that month thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world visited the holy picture and sermons by the greatest preachers of the country were delivered in its honor, the morning orators were chosen only from the hierarchy

cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops and bishops, and the afternoon sermons were delivered by famous members of the religious orders.

The Acheropita, however, is but one sample of the riches of the mystery chapel and of the interest which is twined about that little spot. It is the spirit of holy reverence; it is fascinating; it is everywhere; it descended upon us in the beginning and steadily sank as one wonder more wonderful than any that had gone before was unfolded by that

Passionist priest. He was the embodiment of that sweet and holy spirit; filled with it. Yes, but he was its master. Undoubtedly he was our master too and we were not slow to feel it. The exquisite charm which was playing conjointly from that man's personality and his subject made tutelage a stimulant to which we happily surrendered.



GRILLED OPENINGS OF THE SANCTA SANCTORUM

**H**E was mildly proud and happy in his narrative because he had the treasures and all the incidental evidences to show as he went along bringing up newer and better things from the treasure in this marvellous little oratory, the Sancta Sanctorum.

The priceless treasures of the mystery chapel, are the holy relics of Christ, of our Lady, of the saints and martyrs of holy church. These relics are incased in receptacles of massive gold, highly adorned and ornamented with precious gems and jewels. Both relics and reliquaries, have been extolled in many learned works.

To appreciate better all this it is well to remember that this ancient chapel has been the storehouse where for hundreds of years the Roman Pontiffs have assembled them and from which tiny particles were carefully, even jealously permitted to go forth to different parts of the world, so that while you and I of the distant faithful may see or possibly be



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fortunate enough to possess one such sacred relic they are in the Sancta Sanctorum by thousands and as we are filled with gratitude and devotion if we possess just a strand of the raiment which belonged to a saint or a grain of the dust from his grave, in the Sancta Sanctorum are such relics as the entire head of St. Agnes and of St. Praxides, the heads of the apostles SS. Peter and Paul, one of the sandals worn by our Blessed Lord, the table of the Last Supper, one of the thorns from the cruel crown, instruments of the Passion and traces of the Precious Blood of Jesus.

Relics of this class—every one of them, of course—simply mean the incomparable, yet here they are in abundance and variety which to us is stupifying. Besides these there are in that chapel a multitude of other sacred relics any one of which would make the church which might be fortunate enough to possess it famous and envied all over these United States.

And now, after that interesting scholar had

proceeded on with this outspread of treasure on treasure and the glow of his own happiness had reached the point of evident satisfaction we began to understand the reason for that spirit of majesty which fills this little temple of God as an atmosphere and is inhaled with every breath drawn within those hallowed walls. It is that stupendous collection of sanctified things belonging to the great saints and the martyrs of the church, the holy apostles, our Blessed Mother and the Lord Jesus Himself. All those envied trophies of the faith are tested and tabulated and authenticated and stand as genuine after the keen scrutiny of the Holy Catholic Church. The age-old holiness of all this ever radiating richness permeates the atmosphere of that chapel. It is the aroma of sanctity perceptible to the sensitive instinct of the faith! The place is holy; it is laden with holiness; it is, indeed, the Holy of Holies well named and that is the exact meaning of the Sancta Sanctorum."

*To be Continued*

## The Eucharistic Congress

**D**ESCRPTIONS by special correspondents and press cable of the Eucharistic Congress in the Eternal City indicate that it was an event of unparalleled splendor and impressiveness. That it should be so is quite credible when we contemplate the circumstances—the Holy Father surrounded by thousands of the faithful in the ample precincts of the world's most magnificent temple with attendant rich and harmonious detail of rite and liturgy. Those who were privileged to behold it all must have felt that they could not come nearer to Heaven itself without having a direct vision of that blessed abode.

The Eucharistic Congress opened immediately after the delegates of the nations had departed from a neighboring city where their efforts toward the rehabilitation of a prostrate world had again proved futile. Were not many serious minds affected by the coincidence and forced to note the contrast of plane and motive, and were they not convinced that only He Whom we honor and adore in the Eucharist has the healing of the nations in His hands?

As for ourselves, we need not envy those whose happy lot it was to participate in that splendid scene. In the humblest chapel in Christendom dwells the same God-Man and all the solemn splendor of that assemblage was mainly designed

to make Catholics everywhere more appreciative of this reality and more grateful for the blessings attendant upon it.

Consider this passage in *Through Timbuctu and the Great Sahara* by A. H. W. Haywood: "As the sun was setting in a flood of red and gold behind the hills, those who were devout worshippers of the Prophet sank to their knees and could be heard uttering in low, musical tones the cry: 'Allahu Akbar!' To my mind it is an impressive sight to watch the pious Mahomedan, at this hour, forsake the occupation on which he is engaged, prostrating himself, with his face turned eastward toward the holy city of Mecca, forgetful for the time of all worldly matters, but devoting his thoughts to God." What would not be the devotion, the gratitude of a Mahomedan were the object of his faith changed from a God who he fancied showing favor to him through a distant holy shrine to a God dwelling in his very midst and ever ready and eager to be the very food of his soul!

The Eucharistic Congress is a memory, but the patient Lover of our souls remains, alert to our prayers for our own needs and those of an afflicted world, and fulfilling His pledge, the pledge of His Real Presence and the purpose of it: "Unless you eat My Flesh and drink My Blood you shall not have life in you."

# The Betrayer

FRANK CHARLESON

**N**IGHT, deep, still night; and a sky thick-studded with stars. A figure—a man—creeps out from the shadow of the queer old oaks, so bent and twisted, that print crazy outlines on the grass—steals fearfully to the edge of the moonlight streaming through the rifted veil of cloud,—tip-toes timidly through the gateless opening, then into the roadway, slowly. He looks cityward. Yes, there they are the red torches and gleaming lanterns of the crowd—a thousand yards away. The friend he loves best is marching there among his captors, head hanging on breast, hands bound fast behind him. The low hum of voices sweeps down to the listener. Will he follow? Will he share the bitter chalice as he promised?

Cautiously, very cautiously, he is moving forward. He slinks as well within the shadows as he can; he fingers his sword-belt at every rustling of a cedar bough; but he holds his way. Soon comes a stir in the far-off crowd, and shouts are heard. Lanterns cross and recross and wave excitedly. Torches dance up and down and a few come back towards him. Suddenly, a naked figure flashes into sight running at full speed. What can it mean? As the timid one draws his sword and nervously clutches his curly beard, the runner, seeing him, utters a faint cry and, with a bound over the low wall, disappears into the darkness.

The lights, in order again, move steadily towards the city, and, wondering, the lone follower goes on. He seems an unwilling pursuer, for now and then, when long-armed bushes offer to snatch at his garments, he trends a little from the beaten track at the cost of a second or two,—as the lazy rolling brook alongside the footpath waits to splash or ripple at every stone and root. But loiter as he will, over in the western sky, beyond the valley and the shadow and the hill, huge towers and walls begin to outline clearer and clearer against the stars. Alas! The feasting and revelry of the city are not for him. The lamps and fires that light up the streets this gala night seem like funeral pyres.

**H**E nears a crossroad now, and halts as three persons turn into his path. The youth who leads, a bright-eyed, soft-cheeked boy, lifts

an arm, points towards the moving lights, and then looks inquiringly to the two women beside him. His gesture asked them would they follow, and one of them, a mere girl, a dark-haired girl with smooth oval face that needed little moonlight to show its beauty, answered his query in her own way—she turned towards the older woman with a sob and, clasping arms around her, wept dismally upon her shoulder. And the latter stroked the girl's hair with strong comforting touch. What a sweet, firm mouth this elder had. A painter might have found in her his model for a mourning peri—there were strands of silver hair braided in the brown, and in her eyes unshed tears. She was comforting the weak one just then, though it may be her own heart that instant felt sharper grief than any other ever has felt since the world began. Woman's way, to be sure!—is she ever too unhappy to comfort the broken-hearted?

As the dark-bearded stranger drew near they hailed his approach. Surely, he had good tidings? No! he shook his head in sorrow. The older woman questioned him, not with the curtness of excitement, as the boy beside her had begun to do, but quietly,—as a Sister of Charity who soothes the mad. Her tones were low and sad, with never a ring of hope, nor yet any tinge of bitterness in them. It seemed as if she knew her lot was sorrow, and was bending in resignation. There must have been a hidden spring of strength within her heart, some unseen flood of light across her way: for you would have said no mortal spirit ever could bear such hopeless grief as her voice betokened. The others saw wisdom in her words, and, her counsel given, she and the other woman went back, while the men followed their captive friend, now out of sight and hearing.

**T**HE two men walked very rapidly, but they soon began to realize that the brief stop had permitted the crowd to outdistance them. So the younger broke into a run and disappeared, leaving his comrade to follow as best he might. Down toward the south, then along in a line with the walls, up a steep ascent, and finally in through the southern gate and across town to the opposite quarter, the second man hurried. He had a glimpse

## THE † SIGN

or two of his speeding companion at first, then, as the way grew plainer, and he felt certain of his destination, he plodded on with his eyes never lifted from the ground.

Many a group, seated around blazing fires or standing before family thresholds, called upon him to stop and join in their meal. A short shake of the head was his answer sometimes, sometimes he wholly ignored the friendly invitation and hastened along with downcast head, deaf to the laughter that greeted some wag who was mocking the crazy stranger. He knew his way well,—and at last he stopped before a great court where the excited jostling of the crowd outside, and the confused echo of voices from within, assured him his journey was ended. Just then his young companion appeared in the gateway and beckoned. A word of explanation to the porter, and the stranger entered the gate, while a sudden murmur went up from the crowd surging against the iron pickets.

It melts away, little by little, this crowd. Then, at a shout from a boy in a tree above, that tells them the prisoner is being taken across to another court, those who remain rush pell-mell up the street madly shouldering one another, the heavy ones tumbling their lighter fellows into the dust. They are just like any city crowd you ever saw—although dressed a little differently.

**A** DOZEN noisy chanticleers were loudly challenging the light when the two men came forth again. Something strange must have happened in the meantime, for the younger turned

away from his companion with a gesture of contempt and walked off alone. They were comrades no longer. A moment ago the cheek had blanched under that curly black beard and the man's lips had disowned the dear one whom men were torturing inside the court. No wonder the boy turned in anger from the coward. And he? He went wandering down the street, heartsick, blinded with tears,

careless whither his feet carried him. A swaggering official passed and cursed this insolent creature who never even raised an eye. Through the city gate he went, back out into the dusty road, and there fell under a tree, his forehead upon the ground, weeping tears of anguish. He had thought to aid his loved one, and he had cut him to the soul!

The patient face, full of a night's long pain, with its sad glance of unlooked-for tenderness still stabbed him. Coward and traitor as the weeper was, he regretted not so much that his own life was ruined,—that he was to be a scorn and a hissing to all his race, foes and old friends alike—that his high place of trust and honor was now but the memory of a silly

dream. He thought of all these things; but they were trifles. Oh! to take back the words that had bruised the friendless one.

What was huddled against the wall there? Was it a human being crouching near him? Yes, surely. He knew well that sharp nose, the stubborn beard and those pale watery eyes. The rest of the face evaded recognition; it was like a madman's features when some horrible vision is haunting his memory, and paralysing his power of thought. Bent shoulders indicated the momentary expectation of some crush-

### Saint Gabriel Possenti

FRA. CORNELIUS, O. F. M.

Hero of God whose span was brief,  
Thou little Saint of our own days,  
I think of thee with glad relief  
Instruct me in thy happy ways.

Loved at my Father's natal fount,  
Who would not hope thy saintship, too?  
Assisi claims thee, tho the Mount  
Of Mary's Dolors birthed thee new.

Our youth has seen thy meteor-trail  
But stand aghast;—the price is high.  
And starred in worldly aims, the veil  
Of Heaven falls;—they dare not try.

Gabriel, chosen guide of youth  
To dolored Mary join in prayer.  
Implore Dispensers of the Truth,  
For truth lies prostrate everywhere.

Teeming the fields, the harvests great;  
Of earnest workers there is need  
To check the world's much threatened fate  
By apostolic word and deed.

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ing blow. The thick red hair was matted above his ears, and the perspiration oozing from his forehead told of a fever-stricken soul. Hollow eyes, glaring from under tangled, bushy brows, bore a look of utter despair; and the other man, forgetting his own grief for an instant, stretched out an instinctive, human, helping hand to raise the poor wretch thus sunk helplessly at his feet.

ALL did it behoove him, criminal as he was, to spurn the vilest of God's creatures, and, as the crouching fellow drew back amazed, a friendly arm stole round his neck, and one who had so lately felt sin's sting and the agony of remorse, gently spoke of God and mercy and repentance. He went on and the wild look faded from the drawn face—there was hope even for him, then. The hard features relaxed into a pitiful, beseeching glance that attested a readiness to tread earth's length and breadth to win relief of woe.

So absorbed the two were that neither saw a third approach. She seemed equally unaware of them. A cloth was wound about her head and hung back trailing over the shoulders. Long abundant hair of shining black was straggling carelessly about, and stains of dust were on tresses and on forehead. She sang to herself in plaintive fashion, a queer quaint song, a lament full of strange intervals in a wailing minor key. Involuntarily the two men turned and listened:

"Through the long night of pain she weeps,  
Down her cheek rolls the anguished tear.  
There is not one to comfort her  
Among all who had been most dear."

Not a child in all the countryside but had the song by heart—not a single soul perhaps in the great city yonder, but had sounded new depths of sadness every time its melody drifted above the bowed necks of the worshipping congregation. As the notes rose and died, the startled look came back into the eyes of the red-bearded man, and when the woman's sad face turned towards him, he leaped to his feet, crying out in terror:

"Oh! may his house be desolate  
And may his days be few.  
May he on earth all suffering know  
And Hell his pains renew."

HE finished, and he who had been preaching repentance seemed to draw slowly away from

the sinner. The latter knelt on the ground, his face livid and again distorted with fright, his eyes dilated and starting from his head, for it seemed to him as if, but a few yards distant on the road, a great cross rose, bearing the Crucified. Big drops of blood from the nail-pierced feet ran trickling down the wooden post, or fell with a sudden beat from the thorn-crowned head. The wasted body was cut and bruised and quivering in every part. The face! There was on that face a look such as never was and never can be elsewhere. Great dark clots of blood tangled the golden beard, long lines of crimson sweat crossed the wrinkled forehead and creased the cheek. The eyes turned upward with a look of hopeless agony, the lips half parted as in a cry for death, a convulsive shudder ran over the mangled form. The vision was gone.

The two others went together towards the city, leaving him where he lay—poor, lifeless one. His hands were clasping his head as though to clamp the brain. Then he rose, and ran, tearing at the loose garment that choked his fevered throat.

Whither away? Anywhere. To the uttermost parts of the sea, to hell itself—anywhere away from that awful vision that burns like a living coal within the mind and chills the heart's blood like a lump of ice. Where away? Down the road, out of sight of roof and hedge and of every living thing. On beyond the meeting waters, where brooks join in a double stream to seek the sea. On past forests and groves of olive trees, and roadside fountain, out of hearing of the great stir of life awaking over there in the homes of men. Further still? Yes, up to the sepulcher's whitened gate and past its inviting doorway—only a corpse can rest in that. On and on and on, in the dim light of the gray dawn. God! drive away that hell-sent vision! Rivers of fire and caverns of hell! welcome! Ye hills! fall upon and smother your willing victim! Lions and tigers, writhing serpents, demons! crush that hideous memory in the clasp of death!

Earth has no mercy. Then rain down, ye clouds! and sweep the last shivering wretch of human kind into the dark abyss before the crime is consummated! Flash forth lightnings and consume yon town as of old the two cities were consumed! Oh, see! rush in upon it; swallow it up; entomb it in your depths! Anything! Anything! Anything! Adonai! blot out time ere the murder be accomplished!

(Continued on Page 9)



# The Labor Problem

REV. R. A. MCGOWAN

## IV.—Socialism

**S**Ocialism would be a failure because common ownership does not provide sufficient incentives to men for them to work well. If it succeeded from the economic standpoint, it would be tyrannous because the men in charge of the Government would have all the powers of the Government and all the powers of the sole employer. It probably would not work at all and if it did the common man would have little chance of controlling his own life, protecting his own rights, and developing his own nature. The men in control of the Government and the means of work might be so wise that what they ordered would be for the welfare of all. But to be that wise they would have to be angels.

The dangers in an attempt at Socialism come, first, from the desolation and physical misery into which it would hurl us, and second from the tyranny of those in control of the Government and the industries. It would not last, but there would come upon us a period of great suffering and wrong.

Could the Socialists be trusted to administer industry efficiently? They are agitators, and keen, but not thorough, analysts of what is wrong with industrial society. Brains of a kind they have in abundance. But could they be trusted to run even political Government successfully? Are there technicians enough among them and executives enough to furnish the directing and managerial brains to conduct industry? Could they get enough technical and executive experts, who are not Socialists, to work with them? Would the rank and file join in any such grandiose effort? As we know the Socialists and human nature, Socialism would fail, just as it failed in Russia.

**O**R could we trust our lives and our fortunes to the Socialists and the technical and executive experts whose efforts they could call on? These Socialists and scientists and executives are human beings. They are subject to the errors and faults of human beings. Give them control of the police, the jails, the courts, the army and the firing squad, give them control of the means of work of all the people, the power of directing so and so to do this work, of allowing this man to work and

refusing to let that man work, and the result would be tyranny. Such combined power is too great to be entrusted to any man or group of men.

Socialists have strange and horrible ideas about the family and religion. Some Socialists reject these ideas, but a great many still hold them. They hold that the family is a product of private property and will disappear when private ownership of the means of work disappears. They hold that religion is an opiate administered to deaden the minds and wills of the poor to the sufferings they undergo, and that under common ownership it will disappear.

Give these men political power and the control over jobs and human livelihood and they will probably try to hasten what they would call the process of dissolution of the family and religion under common ownership. They would not hold family ties or religion sacred. The laws and practices they would ordain would oppose family and religion. Catholics would be at bay, and there would be little protection for us.

**I**T is, of course, true that the elected officials would be chosen by the vote and that the appointed officials could be reached indirectly. But are the changing fortunes of political election a firm support for human rights and a shield against wrongs? When the agents of the Government hold only political power, it is unsatisfactory enough. Give the agents of the Government the control of the means of work of everyone, and the matter reaches dangerous proportions.

But there is little danger of an attempt at complete Socialism in the United States. The farmers will hardly come to the conclusion that they would be better off not to own their farms. This much of Socialism would necessarily be discarded and has indeed been already discarded by the Socialist Party.

What does seem probable is that large numbers of the workers will ask for, work for, and vote for government ownership of a few industries. Government ownership of a few industries, however, is not Socialism. The railroad men and the miners have each a program of government ownership. Neither group nor the two together are Socialists,



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nor are they asking for Socialism. They merely want government ownership of the two industries.

THE difference between government ownership of a few industries and common ownership of all industries is the difference between a shower and a cloud-burst. If in addition the control of the few industries placed under government ownership is a divided control and a large part of the control is placed in the hands of those who work in these industries, then the tyranny of the bureaucrats will be modified and the abilities of the men who know how to do the work will have a real chance for outlet. If there is also some form of profit sharing practiced in the few government owned industries, those working in the industries will be more encouraged to work well. Such a system of control and division of returns under government ownership gives to those working in the industries two elements of personal ownership: sharing in the control and sharing in the returns.

Instead of common ownership or a very great amount of government ownership what is needed is that most of those working in industry should own, in part at least, the things with which they are working to make a livelihood for themselves and their families. Not common ownership but sound, healthy, private ownership! The reason why common ownership is making converts is because now private ownership is diseased. It is held by too small a number of persons in city industry. It is used to the harm and wrong of others who own property and the great masses who own no property in the means of work. Because of this, many think that the only way to cure the evil effects of a distorted and diseased system of private ownership is to abolish private ownership in the means of work.

This is the chief reason why Socialism under its various forms is making so many gains abroad and here. The best argument against Socialism is the cure of private ownership.

## THE BETRAYER—Continued from Page 7

IN vain. The trumpet call is sounding from the dark tower of the north. The tramp of legionaries and the clash of arms sound through thy streets, O my city. The Just One is being driven to his doom.

With a shiver the madman, as he runs, turns into a narrow gorge, where rough beetling crags on either side, and dashing water, and scattered clumps of olive trees, mingle confusedly in his tortured sight. Up and up, and over the frowning hill, while breath is coming short and quick, and feet are staggering, and eyes are going blind. Up, and out on a narrow plain that looks down over the city!

Slow wreaths of smoke mount solemnly in the morning air. Bright roofs and lofty towers, green, gardens and whitewashed walls, shape themselves out of the lifting vapor. Far away on the right, a dusty valley-road shows where the traitor had walked last night with his crowd of brutal mercenaries. The dim eyes of the haggard-visaged wretch now see nothing of it all. One only picture brands itself in through half closed eyelids—the vision of the Crucified.

Over yonder the blessed mount, the beloved of

kings and prophets, veers its stone-crowned head heavenward. Here at his feet is the valley once filled with the blood of innocents and fiery holocausts and strange sacrifices—a place accursed of God. Fitting spot for him! It is almost a cry of relief that comes from his parched lips as he sees the leather halter on the clay in the wagon track. A solitary tree stretches inviting arms to him. He hurries towards it and clambers up the trunk. A knot around his throat, a turn over a branch, and he swings heavily from the tree. Crash! Will Hell not hold him?

He goes painfully up again, a look of final despair blotting all other expression from his face. Another knot, this time around a stouter bough, and he throws himself down, half hopelessly. His body catches on a broken, sharp-pointed branch, opens with a ghastly wound, and then hangs dangling from the tree, the trembling knees beating against each other. The sun rises higher and higher. The gay beams that dance through the mists of morning play over the twitching limbs of the corpse.

"The Son of man indeed goeth; but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed."

# A Saint in the Alcove

HELEN MORIARTY

HERE was no doubt of it, Mrs. Brehmer was surprised when on the second anniversary of their marriage her husband presented her with an eighteen-inch, white marble statue of St. Joseph.

"It's beautiful, Joe," she told him sincerely, trying to infuse some warmth into her tone. Was this *all* he was going to give her?

"Yes, isn't it?" he glowed. "Of course, it should have been your own patron saint, but they don't have St. Agathas, and besides I thought you'd like St. Joseph—everybody does."

Agatha forced a smile. "Oh, yes, I do. And this is really a work of art."

"If you knew what it cost you'd think so," grinned her husband. "But we've hardly anything religious in the house, have we, dear? You see I grew up with statues and what Mother called 'holy pictures' and I kind of miss them. Not those ghastly colored ones," as his wife gave him rather an odd look. "We're going to acquire something worth while from time to time."

"Every anniversary," thought Agatha bitterly, "and maybe birthdays and Christmas as well. Heavens!"

Joe went on blithely, "I thought I'd fix a bracket for a corner of the alcove in our room, and with a couple of plants on the little table beneath, it will look quite like an oratory, won't it?" He turned an eager look on his wife, wondering vaguely if there was something just the least bit unresponsive in her attitude. But her answer was ready and positive enough.

"It certainly will. That statue—" and she smiled cryptically—"would make even a coal cellar look like an oratory."

Joe beamed his delight. "I knew you'd like it, Agatha. Let's take him up right away and see how he looks in that corner," picking up the statue carefully. It was plain that he was quite enamored of his purchase and his plan.

"You do it," his wife suggested. "I must get the dishes washed before some one comes. I'll come up soon as I finish," she promised, in order to hurry him. She wanted to get that statue out of sight before any of *her* friends came in anyhow.

She'd sink with mortification to have them find out what her husband gave her for an anniversary gift. A statue . . of St. Joseph! Well of all things! She could just hear them, and see their amused glances. And she wanted to get out of Joe's sight before her disappointment became manifest. She felt she could not hold in much longer . . .

FEW tears of rage and disappointment rolled down her cheeks into the dishwater, but Agatha wiped them away resolutely. She didn't want him to find her crying, and then there was all day tomorrow. She could cry all she wanted to. Viciously she splashed the dishwater, rinsed the dishes with a furious flourish of the teakettle, and started to wipe them, ignoring the patent dryer which had been installed by Joe as a clever part of her kitchen *menage*. She was in no hurry. The longer it took her the more time she would have to compose her features. Bleakly she sighed as she hung up the broiler. How long she had been looking forward to this anniversary, pleasantly anticipative of what Joe was going to give her. She had taken care to hint gently about a number of things she would like to have.

She had preferences, of course, but any of them would be welcome. Tea napkins, salad forks, sherbet glasses, silk stockings, a rug for the hall, new purse—she needed them all; and as Joe never stopped with one present she had somehow settled on the three she was to receive. A couple of pair of silk stockings from Miss Phalen's—she always told him to go there—the rug, and the tea napkins. If she had mentioned the tea napkins once she had mentioned them a thousand times, she reflected in great soreness of heart, and to think that she might as well have been talking about red Indians for all the impression it made on him! Joe was dense, that's all there was about it, and so silly about religion!

Now it has doubtless been gathered by this time that Agatha was not in any sense silly about religion. Far from it. She belonged to that large and comfortable class which makes Mass on Sundays and Holy Days and Communion once a month or so the goal of its highest spiritual ambition. Not for

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them attendance at Vespers or the Holy Hour or at an occasional weekday Mass. They smiled cheerfully over the people who did such things, wondered how on earth they found the time, agreeing amicably that they were not a bit better than any one else for all their piety.

SO thought Agatha Hinton too until she had met Joe Brehmer, whose ardent devotion to his religion was a revelation to her in many ways. She loved him for it, as well as for his manliness and the sturdy integrity of a forthright nature, but so far she had not been led to emulate his piety, about which she had often allowed herself to tease him just a little. A very little though; for she soon perceived that in some vague way it hurt or displeased him, and not for worlds would she hurt her dear old Joe.

"Agatha!" Joe called down the back stairs. "Aren't you through yet?"

"In a minute!" She ran her hands over her stiff features, trying to smooth away the tell-tale signs of disappointment and peevishness, and managed to exclaim quite naturally over Joe's arrangement of the statue. He had brought up the two old brass candlesticks from the hall table—they were her dearest possession—and the cyclamen she had bought to decorate the table for the anniversary dinner. Table decorations meant nothing to Joe! Well, it would be a long time before she'd buy flowers again!

"Now," triumphantly, "doesn't it look oratory—kal? If you know what I mean," laughing jocosely.

It looked beautiful and Agatha told him so. "But if your going to keep those candlesticks up here," she could not help adding, "you'll have to find me another pair for the hall table."

"I will," casually. "Where did you get those?"

"Those? Don't you remember? But of course you wouldn't," dryly. "They belonged to my great grandmother. She brought them with her from Ireland. I was quite delighted when Mother gave them to me—"

"By jinks, I *had* forgotten," Joe broke in, staring at the candlesticks as though he had never seen them before. "Wouldn't great grandmother be pleased, though, if she could see where they landed, right in front of a statue of St. Joseph? You know, the Irish have a great devotion to St. Joseph—"

Agatha thought she'd scream if he kept it up. She interrupted him rather rudely. "So you see

it wouldn't be easy to find another pair like those," with a superior smile. "And I simply *love* them on my hall table. Don't you think glass ones would look better here?"

HER husband's face fell. In an instant the antiquity of the brass candle-sticks and their origin, never before given a thought, had struck on his ardent Catholic imagination as being peculiarly fitted for their present place, linking (he was pleased to think) the rock-ribbed faith of old Ireland to the same impregnable faith in this new land. How many murmured prayers they had heard, how many orisons had gone up before them, how many broken complaints, how many heart-sick, weary sighs, how many, many earnest petitions from lips that were long since dust! They were *holy* things (so he thought reverently), well suited to stand in shining dignity before this chaste and beautiful statue of the good St. Joseph.

But, of course, if Agatha wanted them downstairs . . . He had in two years of happy married life acquired a wholesome respect for what his wife wanted. But if he told her what he was thinking . . . He glanced at her doubtfully. Agatha wasn't what you might call devout. Well . . . not at all, with a painful twinge. Of course you had to make this allowance—she had never had any religious training and her home environment had not been conducive to the proper knowledge of her faith. She was the dearest girl in the world, and some day, (soon, he hoped,) she would come to know and appreciate the supernal joy to be found in a closer union with and knowledge of Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. That was one reason he had bought the statue, to lead her by degrees into a love for the old devotions of the Church. . . .

"Just as you say, of course," he stammered at last. "Wouldn't you—but of course you wouldn't—rather have glass candle-sticks down stairs?"

Agatha frowned. "In the hall, Joe? Absurd! Anyhow, I don't want to hide my candle-sticks away up stairs when everybody's so wild about antiques." Toward the end her tone waxed decidedly fretful . . . offended . . .

Joe yielded up his dream. "All right, dear," he said, amiably. "We'll get glass candle sticks for St. Joseph. Do you know," he added shyly, slipping an arm around his wife, "I think the dear old saint is going to bless our home and bring us every happiness."

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**P**RIVATELY Agatha thought that the dear old saint had not made a very good beginning, but the hardness around her heart melted a little at her husband's tenderness, and she smiled back at him with a queer twinge of remorse. Dear old Joe! How good he was! And how little he dreamed of how bitterly he had disappointed her! Perhaps she was mean and small, but she couldn't help it. You'd have to be an angel out of heaven to rejoice over a statue of St. Joseph, and a marble one that had cost a mint of money at that—when you needed just loads of things for the house to say nothing at all of yourself.

But by an effort very much to her credit Agatha conquered her feeling of grievance and the anniversary ended happily enough. In time St. Joseph acquired a white enameled, three cornered bracket from which he looked benignantly down, seemingly perfectly satisfied with the glass candle-sticks and the growing flowers on his little stand. Agatha brought her bird upstairs too and it amused her to see how he cocked a knowing eye at the statue and trilled out his wonderful song as though he were trying to tell St. Joseph all about the joy of life.

"That's his *Credo*," declared Joe when she told him. "Listen!" holding up his finger, "this is the Our Father, isn't it Dicky? Now for the Hail Mary—what did I tell you?" to the final burst of melody, "They're all different."

Agatha laughed outright. "Joe, you're too funny!" she exclaimed.

"I don't see anything funny about that. What do you mean?"

"Oh," Agatha shrugged, impatient of the explanation, "the way you drag religion into everything."

"Well," Joe made answer gravely and very gently, "religion ought to be a vital part of our life. Don't you think so, dear?"

Agatha made a very disconcerting reply. "Religion doesn't mean as much to me as it does to you, Joe."

"Hah!" Joe cried quickly, veering away from a possible shoal—he knew better than to allow invidious comparisons—"Hah, who takes care of the shrine and keeps fresh flowers there and chases every bit of dust away from St. Joseph? Tell me that!"

Agatha looked embarrassed. "But I don't think I do it from any religious feeling," she said honestly. "I'm fond of the shrine, though, and I do love the statue. Who could help it? It's such an exquisite

thing," and her eyes softened as she looked up at the rugged, perfectly chiseled features.

Joe felt vaguely disquieted but he answered lightly, "Of course you love him. And he'll reward your care of him some day too—mark my words!" You have to give her time, he meditated rather sadly, scoring himself that he had not proved a better teacher. "But jinks," he muttered in all humility, "I couldn't preach to a girl like Agatha. She's as good as gold. All she needs . . ." He sighed for lack of words.

**A**LL she needed was to wake up and that she did one memorable afternoon. She had been down town to buy the sherbet glasses—everything comes to him who waits—and let herself in happily, humming as she ran lightly upstairs. "I must treat St. Joseph," she said to herself with a merry grimace. "I'll light his candles right away, and—" She stopped short. A burly ruffian was in the alcove with the statue in his arms. He glared at her and she thought she was going to faint.

"Caught me, didn't you?" he snarled. "You get out o' my way and I won't hurt yeh, but you try to holler and I'll brain you with this!" menacing her with the statue.

Agatha found her voice. "Don't!" she gasped. "Don't take the statue! You don't want that, do you? . . . Please, don't take my St. Joseph," the tears running down her cheeks. She clung to the bed and watched him in growing horror as he approached the door. "Don't take it!" she begged sobbingly. "Take anything else . . . there's silver downstairs . . . You can have anything in the house, but leave me my St. Joseph—"

"Yah, you an' your St. Joseph!" scoffed the burglar as he sprang through the door. "Don't you make a move or it won't be good for yeh!" She heard him fling himself down the stairs, heard a door close. Was he gone? She could not be sure and for a long time she crouched by the bed, literally paralyzed with fear. At last she stole trembling to the extension phone in the hall and called Joe. She listened again—the silence was profound. He must be gone. . . Yes, he must be. . .

**B**ACK in the room she turned to the bereft alcove with streaming eyes. "If I had only gotten to light his candles for the last time," she sobbed inconsequently; and quite suddenly it



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came over Agatha Brehmer that it was not the work of art, the exquisite marble statue she was missing, it was the dear, benignant, kind face of St. Joseph. For, all unconsciously these many weeks while she had been caring for the little shrine he had been drawing her gently but surely toward a clearer knowledge and understanding of those simple devotions of the Church, which are to religion what the many-colored bulbs are to a Christmas tree, not only decorative but also an element of light and beauty. She sank on her knees by the bed and sent up such a flaming petition as put to shame even the ardent faith of her husband. .

Joe's arrival found her calm and collected. Their small store of silver was gone, even the prized candle-sticks, and the house was all topsy-turvy, but they were cheerful about it, though Agatha did weep again at sight of the bereft shrine. She told Joe forlornly, "The room will never seem the same—unless we get it back—"

"Dont count on that, dear. But I'll get you another one," Joe added, thinking rather ruefully that with all these losses it would be some time before he could afford another marble statue.

Agatha gave him a strange look. Didn't he know that no other statue could ever take the place of this one, which had seemed to become in a special manner her own dear St. Joseph?

Joe was shuddering over his wife's escape. Curious the fellow hadn't tried to hold her up for money or jewelry. He couldn't have been a regular burglar or he never would have overlooked that.

**W**HETHER the man was a regular burglar or not the Brehmers were never destined to learn, but Agatha declared that he was not;

or that if he was St. Joseph had stricken him with remorse of conscience; for at ten o'clock when Joe went down to fix the furnace for the night he stumbled over a queer bundel and, switching on the light in the coal cellar saw the statue of St. Joseph standing serenely on top of the fuel. Not until he had opened the bundle and beheld all their stolen possessions, and had stared for a full minute at the image of his patron saint, did he venture to call Agatha.

"Look!" he cried excitedly as she came running down the steps, "here's everything—your candle-sticks—the silver—"

But Agatha had glimpsed the statue. "Oh Joe, and my dear St. Joseph! I knew I'd get him back! Joe," she went on solemnly, as she lifted up the beloved statue reverently, "somehow I felt that my prayer would be answered—not that I deserved it—" She raised lovely, shining, tear-wet eyes to her husband. "You see, I've been learning things," humbly. "I have, really—and I understand now—I'm trying . . . to be more like you—"

Joe gave an incoherent exclamation as he gathered wife and statue close in his arms. "Why, honey," he protested, "you're worth two of me!"

"It was St. Joseph," whispered Agatha, unheeding. "It was St. Joseph!"

And—would any cold materialist believe it?—they walked upstairs leaving the silver and heirlooms scattered about the cellar floor. Oh yes, they retrieved them in the morning. For by that time St. Joseph was returned to his bracket, his candles were lighted and twinkling up at Dicky bird, and Agatha was affirming over and over that she was the happiest girl in the world. Joe, it may be stated, was perfectly happy too.

Holland, once ranked as a stronghold of Protestantism, is now nearly two-fifths Catholic. That country since the seventeenth century has harbored a group of Jansenistic schismatics. Inasmuch as they carried over an episcopate their orders are valid. Many scandals arose with the Archbishops of Utrecht at various times accommodating the German "Old Catholics," English High Church clergymen and Oriental adventures with episcopal consecration. However this schism also has lost ground, its membership now being about ten thousand.

The Knights of Columbus have their emulators in the British Isles in the Knights of St. Columba and the Knights of St. Columbanus. The Knights of St. Columba were organized in Glasgow about two years ago and have grown rapidly throughout Great Britain and will soon have branches on the Continent. The CATHOLIC TIMES of London urges: "What is to prevent a 'linking-up' between the K. O. S. C. and the Knights of St. Andrew, and then, finally, union with the great American Order?"



# The Laymen's Week-end Retreat League of Philadelphia

JOHN J. SULLIVAN

*THE men's lay-retreat movement goes steadily forward. The East now has specially adapted houses for men's retreats at New York (Manresa), Boston (Brighton), Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia (Malvern); besides accommodations for Summer in colleges at Beatty, Pa., Dunkirk, N. Y., and elsewhere. The motive, purpose, feasibility and enthusiasm engendered are again set forth in this story of the Philadelphia foundation.—EDITORS.*

**F**OR a number of years two retreats for laymen have been conducted annually at the well known

Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo which is situated in Overbrook, on the outskirts of Philadelphia. Each year some hundreds of men have spent a few days at the Seminary where the retreats were given by Reverend T. J. Shealy, S. J.

As the Seminary buildings are available for retreats during only a portion of the summer vacation, and as the retreats for the numerous diocesan clergy take up most of this time, the laymen have been planning for years to acquire a house of their own. Many who wanted to make retreats at the Overbrook

Seminary found themselves unable to attend during the brief period when the Seminary authorities

were able to extend their gracious hospitality to the laymen.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL DOUGHERTY PROTECTOR OF LAYMEN'S RETREAT LEAGUE

The ambition of the late John J. Ferreck, who founded the work in Philadelphia, was to establish a permanent home for retreatants in the beautiful suburbs of that city. He died before realizing this ambition but the ever-growing number of the retreatants forced upon them the necessity of carrying out the work projected by Mr. Ferreck.

Accordingly, a handsome estate has been bought recently in the wooded hills of Malvern, about fifteen miles to the west of Philadelphia. Although this property is quite near the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Malvern and is within easy ac-

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GATE AND KEEPER'S LODGE

trees. These trees also serve to protect it from the northern winds. To the south the beholder overlooks a beautiful sloping country dotted here and there with farmhouses and bounded along the distant horizon by green woods.

Thus, in their property of fifty-five acres, the retreatants can enjoy the benefits of complete seclusion from the outside world amid surroundings of natural beauty. A week-end spent in this beautiful place, breathing the bracing air of the Chester County hills, must renew the body, just as the spiritual exercises renew the soul.

### THE BUILDINGS

THE property is approached along Warren Avenue which leads directly from the railroad station. At the main entrance is a handsome lodge capable of accommodating caretakers, and of providing also for a few retreatants in case of an overflow from the main building. From this lodge one follows a winding lane lined with beautiful rhododendrons, which runs for a quarter of a mile through the private grounds of the Retreat House grounds. At the end of this lane one suddenly comes into view of the main building and also of the fertile countryside which stretches for miles to the south.

The main building consists of a large mansion

built about twenty-five years ago. The ceilings are high and all the other proportions of the house are ample. On the ground floor, two large drawing rooms have been thrown together in order to provide space for a chapel. On top of the house is an observation platform that commands a view of the surrounding country for many miles.

Not far from the main building is a commodious structure where the kitchen and the dining room are located, as well as quarters for those who will provide meals for the retreatants and keep the building clean.

### PLANS FOR THE COMING YEAR

THE purposes of the Laymen's Week-End Retreat League of Philadelphia are well indicated

by the name of this corporation. All its members are laymen. Of course, it was chartered and acquired its property only after receiving the full approval of Cardinal Dougherty. His Eminence has shown deep interest in the League's work, dedicated the Retreat House on Sunday, May 21, 1922. He has appointed Reverend Joseph M. Corrigan, D. D., at present a professor at the Overbrook Seminary, to be the Retreat Master.

### EFFECTS OF RETREATS

THE evils of the present time are due in no small measure to the hurry and bustle of our daily life. We are living at a faster pace than our fathers and our grandfathers would have thought possible. We must attend to more matters in the course of the twenty-four hours than the ordinary business man of a generation ago could attend to in a week. The result is that the limitations upon our time and energy forbid us to consider the things of the soul, unless we deliberately set apart a definite time for this purpose and withdraw from our customary environment.

Thus, a retreat house is the special antidote for the chief ills of the present day. It enables men to find and to face themselves. Many of those who make a retreat for the first time appear never to have contemplated seriously what they are, why

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they are here in this world, and how they must act in order to live up to the purpose of their creation. While they are regulated in their intercourse with their fellow beings by certain arbitrary legal or social rules of conduct, they have no conception of the fundamentals upon which human society rests and by which his relation to every other man must be judged.

To most persons who have never made a retreat the sudden realization of their having lost a just sense of proportion comes as a revelation. They begin to see things in proper perspective, and those who return year after year find the week-end retreat a time to take a spiritual inventory, to balance their accounts, and to see how far they have advanced or fallen back during the previous year.

It has been the experience of priests observing the laymen who have attended the retreats at the Overbrook Seminary that these laymen become filled with a desire to do something for the Church. They go back to their respective parishes determined to take a more active interest in parochial works and in the advancement of the faith generally. Of course, this is only natural, for the essential lesson of the retreat is the importance of things eternal when weighed in the balance with the things of this world.

As an appropriate illustration of the above might be given the conviction that came to a physician after his first retreat. When he was invited to make a retreat, he pleaded as excuse for not going that he was a very busy man, and the demands made upon his time were such, that it was not possible to spare the time required. That he was a very busy man, with his hospital and office work, no one could or would deny. But his friend urged "that is the very reason why I invited you to come." After considerable time spent in presenting the matter from many angles he finally yielded and made the retreat. From that moment he was an apostle of laymens retreats. At his first visit to the hospital for professional duties, he said to one of the nuns, "why have priests and sisters kept this good thing to themselves for so long. The few days that I spent in retreat were among the happiest days of my life.

The memory of those few days, all too short, will be most powerful in helping me till the time for next years retreat comes round."

The more a man is occupied, and the weightier are the responsibilities that rest on his shoulders, the more advantage is to be expected from such a man making a retreat. In the ages of Faith, employers gave the time and defrayed the expenses for their employees to make a retreat; in some instances they erected the retreat houses. Even in our own days, when the retreat house was building in the City of Pittsburgh, one of the largest Steel Companies of that city, gave the munificent sum of \$1,000, which was one thousand dollars worth of conviction, that retreats are well worth while, that they establish in a man solid convictions that are helpful, both for time and for eternity.

It is hoped that everything will be ready for starting the retreats early in June, 1922. The present accommodations will enable fifty retreatants to be housed and supplied with meals over each week-end. In case of there being more than fifty, a few additional men could be provided for, but the aim is to avoid over-crowding which interferes with the privacy and the detachment so helpful in the making of a retreat.

In 1922, probably the week-end retreats will be continued until some time in November. It is hoped that they will be resumed early in April, 1923.



THE RETREAT HOUSE AT MALVERN

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### THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS

THE estate contains nearly thirty acres of woodland. Paths have been cut through the woods. Little clearings have been made at regular intervals where the Stations of the Cross will be set up, so that in clear weather this devotion may be practiced outdoors instead of in the chapel.

Large tablets depicting in relief the scenes of the Fourteen Stations of the Cross will be attached to trees. Ultimately, it is expected that more solid and permanent Stations of the Cross will be set up on mounds at various points along the woodland paths.

### OPEN TO ALL

While doubtless the Malvern Retreat House will be occupied mainly by men from the diocese of Philadelphia, all others are welcome. The customary offering of those who spend a week-end at Malvern



FIRST GLIMPSE ON ENTERING

will be \$10. This will cover sleeping accommodations for three nights, as well as eight meals beginning with supper on Friday evening and ending with breakfast on the following Monday morning.

Applications for reservations should be sent to Reverend Joseph M. Corrigan, D.D. St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills, Malvern, Pa.

The entrance to the retreat

house is on Warren Avenue, only a short distance from the famous Lincoln Highway, so that those coming by automobile will find it easy to reach the place. Most of the retreatants will come by the Pennsylvania Railroad and alight at Malvern Station. This station is on the main line running from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. There are many local trains to and from Philadelphia. Moreover, passengers on most through trains which do not stop at Malvern may get off at Paoli, which is only one mile from Malvern, and secure automobile transportation from the Paoli Station to the retreat house.

Impress upon the young that God Himself has not the power to make base and sinful souls happy; that favors bestowed upon them would be like gifts to the dead.

*Bp. Spalding.*

\* \* \* \*

An extensive agenda, dealing with the revival of the Irish language, arts and crafts, and the economic reconstruction in Ireland is being discussed.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Marie Fusz died recently in St. Louis. According to her authenticated birth certificate she was born in Kattstatt, Alsace, on Christmas Day,

1815. She had never missed attending 5:30 o'clock Mass daily in nearly 100 years.

\* \* \* \*

There is a very prosperous active order of Passionist Sisters with their Mother House at Bolton, England. On the Feast of the Epiphany eleven Sisters received the habit and six were professed.

\* \* \* \*

Carlisle, England, placed under State supervision after being chosen for an experiment in so-called temperance methods, has the distinction of being the one city in the realm showing an increase in drunkenness.



# If This Were Fiction

FRIAR LAWRENCE

**F**ICTION spins strange tales. Aided by its ally, the imagination, it evolves a plot and weaves a story, captivating and thrilling. It creates situations and portrays happenings which are truly marvellous. In its line it has but one rival, truth. Real life far surpasses in oddity the imaginary world of fiction. If the few incidents which I am going to relate, appeared in story form, the reader, no doubt, would deem them "the imaginings of a pious soul." Yet they are facts, narrated to me by one of New York's prominent business men. His name is familiar to the buying public for we find his goods advertised in nearly every city of the Union. This gentleman is and has always been a non-catholic. A short time ago I had occasion to transact some business with him, and when I was about to leave he asked me if I could spare a few minutes for a chat. It was one of those excessively warm days in mid-summer and I was only too willing to lengthen my stay and enjoy the artificial breezes of the electric fans. He was in a meditative mood and our talk drifted into the history of his business. After a short time he said to me:

"Father, I would like to tell you some of the strange things that have happened to me during my long business life. They seem strange to me now as I look back but at the time they appeared otherwise, in fact I did not even think of them at all."

I shall endeavor to tell these occurrences to you as they were told to me. We might label them, "If this were fiction."

\* \* \* \*

**I**N the early days of my business, my resources were very slim. I occupied a small building, using the first floor as a show room and the second as my living quarters. I had as an assistant, a Catholic young man who interested me very much. He had those attractive qualities which go to make a universal favorite. Our work brought us together a great deal. In the course of a year we had become fast friends. One afternoon I unfolded to him my ambition of building up my business until it should become a factor in the commercial

world. After saving a little more money, I would enlarge my store and continue to do so until my dream should be realized. 'And I,' he said to me, 'have also an ambition. You want to rule in the commercial world, but I am looking higher, for I have set my heart on ruling in the spiritual world. From the time that I can remember, I have always wanted to be a priest. I have studied at school, I have studied at night, I have worked for you, I have saved my earnings, all to this one end, that some day I should be a priest.' I looked at him in surprise and for a moment I could not speak. That this young man, talented and efficient, had but one desire and that to forsake the prospects that the future held out to him in order to consecrate his life to God, was something new in my experience. I was astounded. True, I had read of such men, but this was the first time I had ever met one. To me this man was deserving of help and I told him so. I determined to be his friend not only in word but in deed.

Today, 'my boy,' for such I always call him, is a good priest and it is one of the joys of my life to know that I helped to put him where he is. My life's ambition of becoming an influential business man has been fulfilled and so has his. I am a power in the commercial world but his power is far greater than mine, for it reaches even to the throne of God."

\* \* \* \*

**E**IGHTEEN years ago, a man walked into my establishment and asked me for a position.

His face and appearance bore all the marks of an habitual drunkard. I questioned him and found out that he was homeless and had been drinking but wanted to reform. I next learned that he was a Catholic. I told him that if he would go to the priest, take the pledge, and bring me back the card, I would employ him. He did so and I installed him as janitor. For one month he gave entire satisfaction, then disappeared. At the end of a week he returned. I don't know why I did it but I gave him another chance but on one condition only, that this time he would go to confession and then take the pledge over again. He did as I told him. Today, Father, if you go into my shipping depart-

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ment, you will find him superintendent, my most reliable employee and an excellent Catholic."

\* \* \* \*

**T**HANKSGIVING-DAY, quite a few years ago, was exceptionally cold and raw. On arriving home, I found everything nice and cozy and the savory odors from the kitchen told me that a feast was in preparation. The thought of the need and hunger of the many poor about us, came to me; I could not help but contrast my present abundance with their dismal want. I told my wife that we must share our dinner with some poor unfortunate. So out I went again and after some time I came upon just the one I wanted. I said to him: 'You look hungry.' 'I sure am,' he replied. I brought him home with me. A bath and some clean clothes worked wonders. We sat down together and enjoyed a great big turkey and all that goes along with it. Our guest stayed with us over night and we had a long talk, in the course of which he told me that he had been in business in Boston and had failed. He had come to New York and meeting with no success tried to forget the past in dissipation. The following day I shared some of my clothes with him; I could not give him an overcoat for I had only one. Those were the days when even my pennies had to be counted. That evening I took him to the Fall River Boat, bought him his ticket and gave him a dollar for I could not spare more. I thought I had seen the last of him, and he quite passed out of mind.

A year later, just as we were sitting down to dinner, the door bell rang. A gentleman wished to see me for a moment. I went into the parlor and found a well dressed and to all appearances a successful business man. 'Do you not know me?' he asked, 'why, I took dinner with you last Thanksgiving Day.' It was the man I had found in the by-ways; our honored guest of the year before."

\* \* \* \*

**S**OMETIMES my wife and I go to St. John's to attend Mass. Don't be astonished, Father. I go because I always feel at peace in your church during Mass. One Sunday, we met a friend of ours, a Catholic, who like us was on his way to church. He was surprised to learn where we were going and bluntly asked me why I went to a Catholic Church. I answered him in the words of Scripture: 'When thou art in the holy place my shadow is upon thee.' A few days later, I met him and he told me that he had got up that

morning at five o'clock and had walked two miles to Mass for the words I had quoted to him kept ringing in his ears and made him appreciate the value of the Mass. 'When thou art in the holy place my shadow is upon thee.'

\* \* \* \*

**A**T this point I interrupted him and told him that I was convinced that he ought to be a Catholic and that I thought the greatest gift that God could give him was the gift of the Catholic faith.

"Perhaps, I am more of a Catholic, Father, than you think. If I had my street coat on, I would show you something, a pair of beads and a crucifix. I will tell you how I came to get them.

Some years ago a little nun used to come here. She came almost every week for six months or more. I made it a point to attend to her myself and I saw to it that she was given the best service. She was very grateful for my kindness but I could see that she feared the day when our account would be closed. As you know, Father, my prices are rather high. The last day she came, she timidly asked me for the bill. I looked at her and I felt that she was thinking of her little orphans, of what they should eat and wherewith they should be clothed. I knew that every dollar I charged her would be so much less for them. I said to her: 'Dear Sister, you owe me nothing, it has been a pleasure to serve you.' Her innocent eyes mirrored her grateful heart for she could not speak. She reached for her little black bag and took out a rosary and a crucifix and gave them to me. Father, since I have been in business, I have received thousands of dollars in payment for my services, but I value that rosary and that crucifix far more than all the rest. No amount of money could buy them from me.

It is now over fourteen years since she gave them to me. All these years they have been my constant companions. And, Father, every morning before I begin business, I take those beads and that crucifix in my hand, and I ask the good God to keep me and all those who serve me, pleasing in His sight during the day."

\* \* \* \*

It is hard to realize that the foregoing are real occurrences in the life of a prominent New York business man, yet such they are. We might take them and weave a long story about them—"If this were fiction."

## Current Fact and Comment

### WHAT YOUR RADIO BRINGS

**A**MONG the radio broadcasting stations we notice a Bible Institute, a Presbyterian church and the Y. M. C. A. These institutions have been prompt to utilize the most marvellous instrument hitherto devised by physical science for the general entertainment of the public. In its uncanny simplicity, availability and in the intimacy which it provides, the radio becomes a means of propo-

ganda perhaps more effective than the press. The same "liberty" may be claimed by the employers of both. It is too early to judge whether the same recklessness that characterizes the opponents of faith and of the social order in their use of the press will appear in their use of the radio. In any case the evil should be forestalled.

### INTO THE BYWAYS

**T**HE autovan of the Boston lay apostolate is in the field for its fifth season. This specially designed travelling rostrum has admirably realized its purpose described by Cardinal O'Connell when he blessed it in 1917: This auto-car will bring glory to God and truth to men. We gladly bless this holy project initiated by devout Catholics for the purpose of making the truth and the Church known wherever the car may go." In the meantime it has made a transcontinental tour in charge of those

fervent expounders of Catholic truth, Mrs. Margaret Moore Avery and David Goldstein. Thousands of copies of Catholic books and pamphlets have been distributed. In view of the comment that the methods of the Apostles and other zealous missionaries in carrying the truth into the highways and byways had gone into desuetude, the Boston autovan has demonstrated the feasibility and efficacy of such procedure. It has pointed the way: let us have a fleet of them.

### MOTHER GOVERNMENT

**T**HE New York legislature has passed its own maternity measure. Thus a few more unemployed are added to the state pay-roll. While it may be preferable to have this new bureau under state rather than federal control, and although the need of it may not have been designedly exaggerated, one must feel concern regarding the sense of responsibility, the theories and capability of the prospective agents. We have this widely quoted item from a western country paper: "A special car of the State Health Board, in charge of

a richly gowned and bejeweled young woman, came to town not long ago, and mothers were commanded to hurry to the depot and take instructions as to how to raise their babies. Then came a Government nurse, another unmarried woman, weighing the babies and instructing the mothers as to the sort of infants they must give birth to hereafter, etc., etc. . . Men, women and children are restrained, assessed, directed, prohibited, admonished, examined and constantly reminded what a rare privilege it is to be a citizen of this free country."

### CLEMENCEAU'S POINT OF VIEW

**C**OLONEL Repington in his diary records a meeting with Clemenceau and incidentally finding him in the best of company, a spiritual daughter of St. Vincent. Shortly before he had been shot and the conversation turned upon that. "His wound? It did not trouble him at all. The bullet was still there, and he pointed to the spot a little to the right of his breastbone, below the throat, where it lay transversely. It was quite happy there, and had found a resting-place. His Sister of Charity had described it as a miracle of Heaven that this was so. Clemenceau had replied that if Heaven had intended to perform a miracle it would have been better to have prevented his aggressor from shooting him at all."

Probably the old Frenchman meant this only for a bit of cynical humor. He knew better—knew that the purpose of a miracle is to arouse attention, wonder, gratitude. As to mere prevention, the diverting of harm from us, Providence must needs be busy in our favor hourly. Not being conscious of the benign process, we grow heedless of the source of our security. It is when Providence suspends its ordinary protective laws, allows evil to encompass us and still not harm us that we have the purpose of a miracle realized. Lazarus had to die before the Divine power could be made manifest in raising him up. Christ had to suffer "these things" preparatory to the triumphant testimony of his resurrection.

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### GETTING IT TO THE HEATHEN

THERE is an old story of a man who put a dollar and a penny in the envelope which he dropped into the missionary collection-plate. He explained that the cent was for the heathen and the dollar to get it to them. The point in the story scarcely applies to the functioning of Catholic charities. An analysis of the various diocesan

charity reports reveals gratifying economy in applying very generous contributions to the relief of the distressed and unfortunate. Regarding your contributions to the foreign missions, so directly do they reach their object and so carefully are they administered by self-sacrificing missionaries that the point in the story might fairly be reversed.

### ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE

RECENTLY on complaint of hundreds of deluded investors the directors of a "mining company" were jailed in the metropolis. It was estimated that through the primitive scheme of "salting" a few acres of land they secured close to a million dollars in exchange for beautifully engraved stock certificates. One marvels that so crude a scheme portraying rich, parallel veins of silver, gold and platinum lying at the city's border should find so many easy victims. The promoters opportunely reckoned that a sufficient number of the unwary were on hand—having been accumulated according to the familiar ratio of one a minute. It is this more or less extravagant axiom that lends encouragement to the wilful calumniators of the Church and of Catholic organizations. Bigotry "though crushed to earth will rise again." We grow weary of rebuttal. Scarcely have we clearly convinced our fellow-citizens that Catholics have no

malignant designs upon the public schools or the constitution, that Rome has laid no far-reaching plans to control the government at Washington, than these and equally silly charges are reiterated, clothed with new alarms and portents. Let the census show a notable increase in the Catholic populations, let a Catholic run for public office, let the Knights of Columbus undertake any large, disinterested project, and forthwith the bigots go off with a hiss. Gall spurts from them at a touch. And, withal, the peculiarity of their charges is their utter lack of novelty. Very reasonably do they expect results from the persistent circulation of refuted calumnies on the simple ground that the supply of the unwary is perennial. On the same ground must the Catholic press ceaselessly cope with error and keep at its task of refutation and enlightenment.

### WHAT WILL JOHNNY BE?

THE movement to interest parents in college training for our youth is very commendable.

If the college is the gateway to both affluence and influence we should not be at ease knowing that our youth were peculiarly indifferent to the fact. Upon the Catholic college particularly do we base our hopes that the interests of religion and of the Catholic family will be in efficient hands in the coming generation.

But, in any case, parents should beware of letting their children start wrong as wage-earners. In this matter justice demands that parents unselfishly direct and advise. There are too many jobs with a fair wage but requiring only a certain automatic service which boys and girls are often too eager to take in exchange for the grind of their school days. Thus is ambition often quenched and many a career shunted into a dull rut.

Large contractors will inform you that there is no prospect of building costs coming down so

far as wages are concerned. This because of the ever growing scarcity of skilled labor. Even in this period of unemployment some builders find it necessary to offer premiums on the present high wage. Expressing his concern for the future in the structural crafts, one well-known builder lamented the days when the boys in our families, with no thought of white-collar jobs, were proud to be apprenticed to carpenters, bricklayers and the like. It is remarkable that the tendency to take up these occupations has decreased in proportion to their becoming notably more lucrative and less irksome.

As the choice of occupation must be made at a comparatively early age, parents should advise and direct, weighing sharply the chances for success either in the more influential professions for which a college preparation is required or in those very lucrative occupations attainable through apprenticeship or a course of manual training.



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### SOME READING TO AVOID

**S**PEAKING of the wisdom of holy Mother Church, there can be little doubt that Ruskin approved the formal restraints she placed upon promiscuous reading since he thus treats the most popular group of French writers: "I believe it (*The Hunchback of Notre Dame*) to be the most disgusting book ever written by man, and on the whole to have caused more brutality and evil than

any other French writing with which I am acquainted. Balzac is sensuous, but he is an artist of the highest touch and a philosopher even in his sensuality. Eugene Sue paints virtue as well as vice. Dumas is absurd and useless, but interesting; Beranger blasphemous, but witty; George Sand immoral, but elegant. But for pure, dull, virtueless, stupid, deadly poison read Victor Hugo.

### LATIN TO THE RESCUE

**D**IVERSITY of language is a serious inconvenience in international trade. Little progress has been made with two artificial languages devised to overcome the obstacle. A really more practical proposition is that recently urged: the general study and use of Latin.

The wisdom of the Church is again manifest in her having retained this venerable tongue for both official and liturgical purposes. It may be interesting to repeat here succinctly the reasons why the Church uses Latin.

1. A mark of the true Church is her universality. A universal community requires a universal language.

2. Being a "dead" language, Latin is changeless. Living languages undergo notable changes. As an example, if the Church had used French in the formula of baptism, this would have had to be changed more than sixty times.

3. No language excels the Latin in dignity, beauty or clearness.

4. From the standpoint of the people it fosters a universal brotherhood making a Catholic feel at home in a Roman Catholic church anywhere throughout the world. The meaning of the Latin is quite clearly conveyed through the ceremonies or the translation in the prayerbook..

### ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S SPIRITUALITY

**T**HE term by which one critic described the figure of Conan Doyle lecturing on spiritism was "Pathetic". Few there were inclined to judge him insincere, yet few also who could comprehend how the master analyst of human motives could entertain his notions of the other world. Christians in his audience had to be conciliated. Hence a certain reverence for Christ was proclaimed and the purpose of the lecturer emphasised as an effort to raise society from gross materialism to a *spiritual* plane. Conan Doyle's conception of the spiritual order is as incongruous as that of the lowliest deluded medium. Undaunted by the assurance of the Savior that "it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for those who love Him," the lecturer describes the after life in minute detail. Most men would prefer the joys and conflicts of this tough old world to his weird heaven. Admittedly most of his information is gathered from the common spooky source of the seance. At these assemblages the text of St. Matthew is seriously invoked: "Where two or three are gathered in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." Thereupon the lights are

extinguished, the sitters form a circle of a precise diameter, they experiment with relative positions, are directed to keep both feet on the floor and not to bend over, to help their mood by singing either sacred or secular songs and are assured that with these and various other puerile formalities the all holy God co-operates. And upon the purported revelations thus received they would build up a code of morality to cure the world of materialism!

There is hope for Sir Arthur, pretended Christian and lover of his fellows, did he only give proper direction to his craving for the supernatural, and presuming that his marvellous reason has not become as "sweet bells jingled, out of tune and harsh." What a wholesome alternative for such a mind as his in the noble and splendid visions of the Apocalypse! And what joyous astonishment would seize upon him were he to arise from the dark, grovelling plane of spiritism to an appreciation of the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption and were he seriously to inquire whether it was for a testimony of the trivial and grewsome revelations of mediums that the Son of God hung in woeful anguish and gave His life upon the Cross.

# The Catholic Grandson of Renan

RONALD BETSON

Redacted from translation of a sketch in *L'Ami du Clerge* appearing in  
*American Church Monthly*.

AS Italy had her Giosue Borsi, so France had her Ernest Psichari, convert, soldier and ardent lover of Christ. He was born at Paris, September 27, 1883. His father had him baptized in his own, the Greek Orthodox Church. His mother was Noemi Renan, daughter of the author of the blasphemous "*Life of Jesus*." She was bitterly hostile to Christianity. Psichari was brought up without religion. He finished his studies at the Sorbonne, taking the licentiate in philosophy in 1903. At that time he was summoned to his term of military service and at the expiration of this he startled his friends by re-enlisting. Enamored of the open air and wide horizons he entered the colonial artillery under the assurance that thus he would be withdrawn from the narrowness and futilities of modern life. In the Congo in 1908 he wrote "*Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil*," in praise of primitive desert life. In its liquid and harmonious prose and in its theme the superficial reviewers pretended to hear nothing more than an echo of his famous grand-sire. Made sub-lieutenant he served from 1909 to 1912 in Mauretania. His "*L'Appel des Armes*" (1912) describes rather the lure of the desert, for it was there the grace of God awaited him. He loved the desert not only for the range it offered to the eager gallop of the cavalier, but also as the Thebaid where the solitary achieves high contemplation. He had not relapsed into a languid mysticism—the negation of intellectual activity. An intellectual by education he protested that he would ever rank intelligence above all else.

In his case there are the familiar progress and conflict of the soul before submission but set down with a new and absorbing interest. His masters had failed to provide either hope or grounds for action: he will find them only in the Church. Only in the Church is humanity made and remade, only in the Church have truth and purity a chance to be other than mere words. In order that some day he may merit membership, he accepts, he offers all his hardships.

He writes: "Undoubtedly, I said to myself, there are great souls among those who do not believe. But they are rare. One finds unselfishness,

courage and kindness among those who dwell farthest from the Church—no one can deny it. But from the way of purgation through which the Savior was now leading me, how common, how rude, on analysis, these virtues appeared! . . . But, so it seemed to me, all these rank small in the eyes of Him Who has imposed on those souls who are truly chosen such demands as the scales of human morality cannot measure."

HE is struck by the gospel texts of renunciation: If any man come to Me and hate not his father . . . Whosoever shall give his life shall lose it . . . Blessed are you when men hate you. "These terrible precepts rose up in memory, and I said to myself that it is Jesus, and He alone, who has given commandments like these: Die to yourselves, be meek, lose yourself in My love . . . In the face of this spiritual abundance, this sovereign power, this plenitude which breathes from the smallest words of Jesus, what are the poor commandments which man makes? And then I thought on those who have faithfully executed these orders; I turned my thoughts towards the saints and the blessed, and it was impossible for me to deny that they are the loftiest examples of virtue which the world has seen. Then, after this gaze of love toward heaven, I could not bring myself to believe that the longing for those most fragrant virtues was to be forever denied me. Is the religion false which proclaims a code like this?" No, it could not be false.

And on June 15, 1912, he wrote to Jacques Maritain, himself a convert from Protestantism, confidant of many souls, now professor of scholastic philosophy at the Catholic Institute of Paris, grandson of Jules Favre: "Every attempt to escape Catholicism is an absurdity and a sin of ingratitude, for *there is nothing great, nothing beautiful in our hearts which does not come from Catholicism*. . . . And just as science was founded by believers, so also all that is noble and sublime in our morality comes from that same grand and unique source of Christianity, from whose abandonment flow false morality and false science." But immediately he adds: "Despite

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all that I have not the faith. I am, if I dare say so absurd a thing, a Catholic without the faith. . . . I wonder how harshly you will hold me to account. It seems to me that I detest just those whom you detest, and love those whom you love; that I scarcely differ from you except in that grace has not touched me. Grace! there is the mystery of mysteries. . . . Beyond the farthest glow of the horizon I can feel the presence of all the souls of the apostles, the virgins and the martyrs, with the unnumbered army of witnesses and confessors. They take me by storm; by main force they carry me away toward high heaven, and with my whole heart I long for their purity, their humility, I long for the chastity which girds them and the humility that crowns them, I long for their grace and strength. I cannot hold back. Oh my God, deign to look upon this misery and this trust. Have pity on one who has been sick for thirty years."

THIS was written early in August, 1912. About two months later a great illumination came to him. "When I was quitting the encampment of Agotin, I experienced great anguish of heart. An entire period of my life fell away abruptly into the past. Behind me a great and gloomy crevasse opened. A dull twilight settled down upon my years of misery."

"But at the same time the light of dawn was breaking, a dawn of youth and of purity—and in front of me a celestial radiance overspread the horizon. This time I knew whither I went. I was going toward Holy Church, catholic, apostolic and Roman, I was going towards the abode of peace and of blessing, toward joy, health; I was going, alas! toward my healing. And then, thinking of that true Mother who for years had awaited me, there, across two continents, and who from afar stretched forth her arms which pardon all. I wept from very joy, from love and gratitude. . . . Before me there arose an immense and majestic temple, founded upon solid rock, a temple of reason and of divine wisdom; and all the lines of this temple were so straight, so pure and unified, that, before it, one could have no other wish than to dwell forever within its shadow, far away from the illusions and shadows of the world . . ."

At the end of 1912 he is in Paris and writes to Maritain: "I know now that nothing is so good as prayer, for invariably I begin it with distaste and yet I never fail to conclude it with joy and peace of

heart. What can be the far-reaching power which these words have, thus to work upon a heart so inaccessible and hard?"

We come to February 3, 1913 in the diary of Mme. Maritain, herself a convert from Judaism. "Jacques arrived with Ernest about eleven. Pere Clerissac toward noon. We saw that they took to each other and are congenial. Ernest is so direct and frank with the Father. Luncheon full of emotion. After luncheon the Father led Ernest off to the park. They were gone for two hours during which time we did not cease from prayer. Everything was about to be decided. At last they returned and the Father put before us the program arranged and which filled us with joy: Tomorrow confession, then confirmation at the first moment possible, and on Sunday first Communion; then, in thanksgiving, a pilgrimage to Chartres. Ernest has understood the Father completely and the latter could find no resistance in him, 'a straightforward soul and entirely filled with faith.'"

"Tuesday, February 4th. Toward four o'clock the Father and Ernest arrive. Our little chapel is all decked; the candles are lighted, two fine new candles, blessed on Sunday."

"Kneeling before the statue of our Lady of Salette, with a voice strong and yet greatly moved, Ernest Psichari read the profession of faith of Pius IV and that of Pius X. The Father stands erect, like a witness before God. Jacques and I listen on our knees, trembling with emotion. When this reading is over we leave and the confession begins. While it lasts we pray without ceasing. At last, we are called, and we find Ernest transformed, radiant with happiness. It is an hour of beatitude for all. 'You behold! the Father tells us, 'a man who belongs entirely to God'. . . . 'Ah, yes! I am happy,' Ernest cries, and it is not hard to believe. . ."

ON the following day he received his first Communion at the chapel of the Sisters of the Holy Infancy; then the pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Chartres. On his return he confides to Pere Clerissac: "I feel that I can give to God all that He may demand."

At his confirmation he took the name Paul in reparation for Renan's attacks on St. Paul. He belonged to God entirely. He received Communion every morning and daily recited the office of the Blessed Virgin. His whole life was a continuous prayer, for him prayer was "the normal attitude of

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the creature who desires to maintain his post beneath his Creator." To retain his post, to be in his place, is the great care of this Christian soldier. For his friends it was a marvel to see him thus enter into the Christian life without apprenticeship, without transition, as though he had been a Catholic always. Said Massis: "He knows all without having been taught, his prayers turn out to be the same which the Church has poured forth throughout the ages." He cries out in the intoxication of his discoveries: "My Savior, is it then so simple to love Thee!" On a sudden one saw him in that gaiety of heart which salvation brings, something luminous in his eyes, something of confidence and tenderness, which bespoke the childlike innocence of his soul.

HE addresses Pere Clerissac: "You have taught me, my dearly beloved Father, that there is but one book to read—the Cross. May I achieve the writing of that book within me, that I may make amends for so many years of ignorance."

"What ought I to do," he writes February 8, 1914, "and what, precisely, is it that God wishes of me?" A first step was his reception into the Third Order of St. Dominic in the previous September. With the secular priesthood in view, he rejoiced

fancying himself a rural cure in some Breton rectory taking the place which his grandfather should have occupied. To make expiation for him! He has been told that at the very moment of judgment the soul of Renan may have been relieved of its guilt through the prayer of some Carmelite. But it was the religious life that drew him and the following summer he fixed his choice upon the Dominican Order. God prepared another immolation for him. The war broke out. He left on the second day of the mobilization declaring to his director at Cherbourg: "I go to this war as to a crusade, for I feel that the two great causes to which I have dedicated my life are at stake."

Near six o'clock on the evening of August 22nd. near Neufchateau in Belgium, after having stood for twelve hours under a terrific fire, he was killed by a bullet in the temple. All were in wonder at the calmness which fixed itself upon his face. He had been able to seize his rosary and it was wound about his hands. As his friend, Jacques Maritain, bears witness, "at the age of thirty, having accomplished all, God called him into life and into glory, in a holocaust freely consented to and consummated in union with the Sacrifice of the Altar."

## Lay-Retreats in the Middle West

MOST healthful sign of the times, as gleaned from Catholic periodicals, is the growing frequency and popularity of retreats for the laity. These retreats are conducted in the buildings of colleges and academies, and extend usually over the week end. Of necessity they are limited to the summer months when the students are gone to their homes. Societies and leagues have been formed to educate the Catholic public and encourage men and women to make an annual retreat. These retreats and retreat leagues are widespread in the East, and now comes the summer programme of The Missionary Association of Catholic Women, with central offices in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, exhibiting a true

missionary spirit, as the animating principal of the Association. Besides a Missionary Convention in Sioux City, Iowa, announcement is made of no less than thirteen retreats already arranged, with others under way, covering the four States of Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, and Wisconsin; and extending from June 3d. to August 27th.

Statistics of the number of lay retreatants are not available, for the United States, but if the figures given for Holland for 1921 be correct, it is not likely that for several years to come will retreatants from our eighteen million Catholics pass the 250,000 mark, given for that small Non-Catholic country of Europe.



# Saints and Sinners

LUIS COLOMA, S. J.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS:

Curra, Countess of Albornoz, wife of the Marquis of Villamelon, is an intriguing woman of society in Madrid. She attempts secretly to secure a remunerative position as chief-lady-in-waiting at the Spanish court, to ally herself with King Amadeo, the Italian "usurper" of the Spanish throne and brother of King Victor Emmanuel of Savoy. Her friends, the Duchess of Bara and others, supporters of the ex-Queen Isabel and her son Alfonso, who have taken refuge in Paris, suspect her intrigue. Curra denies her part in the transaction and steals an incriminating letter written to the Amadist government by her husband requesting the position at King Amadeo's court, from one of the King's ministers, Don Martin. Then by a forged letter she forces the Amadist police to raid her house for incriminating documents. The result of this antagonistic raid by the Amadist police is to restore complete confidence in her loyalty to the party of the ex-Queen. She habitually neglects her son Luis and daughter Lili, as well as her husband, and involved herself in intrigues with various men, particularly one John Velarde, who is forced by Curra to fight an unnecessary duel to defend her "honor" and who is killed in so doing.

The scene then shifts to Paris, where Spanish refugees are gathering after the Revolution in Spain which has overthrown Amadeo and established a temporary Republic. Jacob Tellez, a cousin of Curra, and husband of Elvira, Marchioness of Sabadell, whom he has basely deserted, himself a libertine and politician of the worst type, ex-Ambassador to Constantinople, from which city he has been forced to flee after a vulgar intrigue with the Cadi's wife, arrives there. Having stopped in Italy on his way to Paris, Victor Emmanuel has given him important Masonic documents to carry to King Amadeo. In desperate want of money, his political future jeopardized by the Revolution in Spain, Jacob opens and steals the sealed letters. These documents place in his hands formidable weapons with which to attract certain influential Spanish politicians. By chance "Uncle" Frasquito, a delapidated Spanish grandee, finds the Masonic seals attached to the documents in Jacob's room. Jacob rashly presents Frasquito with the incriminating seals for his collection of diplomatic seals. Jacob then decides that his best plan to secure ready money is to become reconciled to his wife, a good and devout woman, who has recently won a lawsuit and considerable wealth. He plans to do this through the agency of two of his wife's friends, Father Cifuentes and the Marchioness of Villasis. Jacob has in the meantime attracted the favorable attention of Curra, who wishes him to take the place of her dead confidant, John Velarde.

## CHAPTER XVI.

UNCLE Frasquito's legs had begun to give way under him. He returned to the hotel about four o'clock, tired and discouraged because he had been unable to spread the tale of Jacob's intrigue through more than two-thirds of the Spanish colony in Paris.

On his return he found that the tragic tale had a sequel; for Jacob came to him again to request further assistance. Jacob explained that the night previous he had tossed from one side of his bed to the other, watching the pleasures of thirty-three years, the adventures and sins thereof, trail past him, and that he had finally been overcome with repugnance for them all.

Uncle Frasquito listened with gaping mouth. Then Jacob suddenly abandoning the sentimental tone of his peroration, asked him in plain prose where his wife Elvira was at this time. Uncle Frasquito's countenance showed disgust. "Elvira?" he answered. "I'm sure I don't know. I think at Biarritz. Lopez Moreno's wife said yesterday that she had seen her there."

Jacob was silent and distracted for a moment, and Uncle Frasquito hastened to add, bursting as he was with curiosity: "If you would like exact information, I know someone who can help you."

"Who?"

"Father Cifuentes."

"What! Do you know Father Cifuentes?"

"Surely! He is my nephew. He is the son of Tonito Cifuentes—"

"Is he also at Biarritz?"

"No, he is in Paris—Rue de Sevres." And then with an air of slight suspicion, Uncle Frasquito added: "Do you wish me to see him?"

"No: I wish to see him myself."

Uncle Frasquito gave a violent start: was this wolf turning over-night into a lamb? Or was the wolf merely posing in lamb's clothing? "I'll take you to see him whenever you want."

"To-morrow?"

"Certainly!"

Uncle Frasquito, always cautious, and wishing to show Jacob the deficiencies of Father Cifuentes'

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character, explained at length that the priest was a poor unfortunate, without a vestige of 'good form', who spoke of hell at the most inopportune moments, drawing pictures of ugly and hideous little devils, who didn't resemble in the slightest the perfumed and exquisite little devils, whom Uncle Frasquito pictured in evening dress, with gardenias in their button-holes, monocles in their eyes, and red ribbons on the tips of their tails!

"I must tell you," he continued confidentially, "that I am very much of a Catholic, a firm believer; only I think that there is much to be desired as far as the clergy are concerned. Father Cifuentes, at the funeral of General Tercena the other day, said 'good morning' to me, and actually tried to tell me that I would myself die some day or other, and that I must prepare myself and meditate upon eternity. Such a fellow! Quite upsetting, and even rude! I want to tell you this, because if you are planning to consult him about anything, or going to confession to him, you had—"

"Confess?" cried Jacob indignantly. "What makes you think that?"

"But you said you wanted to talk to him."

"Well, isn't this Father Cifuentes the director and confessor of my wife?"

"Yes, he is."

"Well, what I want him to do, is to force Elvira to accede to my wishes."

"But what are your wishes, Jacob?" asked Uncle Frasquito, much upset.

"My wishes are very simple ones and quite Christian—to be reunited to my wife, and to forget the past."

"Aaahhh!" murmured Uncle Frasquito. "But have you thought this matter over carefully?"

"Why; do you think their fulfillment impossible?"

"No. But do you know anything about the life which Elvira now leads?"

"I was going to ask you that."

UNCLE Frasquito made a wry face, and answered hesitatingly: "I'll tell you about it, Jacob. It's a public affair after all. But I really don't know whether I should tell you."

"Why shouldn't you, Uncle Frasquito?" demanded Jacob angrily.

"I have a right to know, and if you are really a friend, you must tell me."

"I'm your friend, Jacob. You don't doubt me? But there are some things—"

"What things? Speak up, man, speak up!"

"Well, Jacob, you see your wife has caused a considerable amount of gossip everywhere."

"Is that so!"

"Yes, I don't like to tell you; but it's true. She is completely *declassee*. She has been practically ostracized by all Madrid, and practically her only friend is Maria Villasis, a woman of the same type. But at least the latter spends a bit of money."

"But what is all this? What actually does Elvira do?"

"Frightful, Jacob, frightful! From the moment she separated from you, she has disappeared completely; she hasn't been at a dance, at the opera; or anywhere. Carmen Tagle had a maid who had once lived with her, and the tales she told! She is always running after the servants, because to-day is a day of abstinence, to-morrow a day of obligation. She seems to be impossible! They say that she sleeps on a wooden bench, eats nothing but bread and water, uses instruments of penance." Uncle Frasquito stopped, gasping for breath.

JACOB listened to this tale tranquilly: "Bah! If that's all, I can soon restore her to her senses."

Then he added: "How does she live? Does she spend much?"

"She might as well be the widow of a poor government official! She's emaciated, she who was once so lovely and graceful. I saw her once at Maria Villasis' place, and she looked positively slovenly. I have never seen her at home. I called three times out of curiosity, but she wouldn't see me. She lives in a small apartment in an undesirable neighborhood."

"She must be rather poor."

"On the contrary, she is wealthy. Haven't you heard about it? She won her lawsuit with the Monterrubios, and must have twenty thousand dollars income a year."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Jacob regretfully.

"Sorry! Really?"

"Yes, really sorry. For since she will be wealthier than I, there will be plenty of people who will say I went back to her for financial reasons."

"Oh, no, no, Jacob! Nobody would even think such a thing of you!"

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"We'll see. But the important thing is, that I have some kind of understanding with Father Cifuentes."

"If you want, we'll go to see him to-morrow."

"Without fail!"

Uncle Frasquito, resigned to the sudden change in his friend, arranged the hour when they would visit the priest, as the repentant husband was anxious to start for Biarritz at the earliest possible moment. The two finally parted, Uncle Frasquito running off to dress for the evening, to be prepared for that nocturnal round of visits which he would have to make in order to spread the latest surprising news among his friends....

Curra had spent the afternoon in complete silence, controlling the anger which burned within her. Jacob had finally refused to breakfast with her, on some frivolous pretext, after accepting her invitation, and she had discharged her anger against the unfortunate Villamelon. A number of ladies and gentlemen were gathered together in the drawing-room of the hotel, in which Leopoldina Pastor's voice reverberated harshly. Uncle Frasquito appeared on the scene, bubbling over with the latest news, and when he declared that the hero of the most recent scandal intended to start for Biarritz the following day, if possible, neither Curra nor Diogenes could control their anger further. Diogenes rose from his seat and walked over to Uncle Frasquito, as though he were about to hit him, while Curra, whose anger could not be noticed save for a slight vibration in her timid voice, began to heap scornful remarks upon the head of the Marquis of Sabadell, to the intense astonishment of her husband, who still clung to the memory of the little homily on family love to which he had listened that morning.

THE ladies echoed Curra's scorn, agreeing that the Marchioness of Sabadell was a hypocrite, a bad wife, who spent the last ten years in the company of only priests and acolytes, and who now wished to darken the life of the unfortunate Jacob by putting him under the tutelage of Father Cifuentes. It was really a question of conscience with all present to tear the mask off the hypocrite, and to warn the unthinking husband of the plot that was being carried out against him.

Diogenes, half way to Uncle Frasquito, decided not to strike him, but turned on the ladies instead,

and attacked that feminine host, saying that whoever said 'woman' said 'devil', for the female race was of such an evil breed that every insect, even the chinces *Polainas*—were female.

Everybody laughed at Diogenes' fury, and he, to annoy them further, insisted that God had not made Mother Eve out of Adams' rib, but out of the tail of a monkey; for according to the

Andalusian story, although He intended to do the former, and had the rib in His hand ready for use, a monkey, who had been watching him carefully, suddenly grabbed the rib and ran away to hide it in his den. The Lord pursued him, and caught him by the tail, but the monkey tugged so hard that he left his tail in the Lord's hands, Who shrugged his shoulders, and said: "One thing is just as good as another for what I intend to do." And from this appendage was created the mother of the race.

The ladies protested violently against Diogenes' fable. While their protests were being made, Curra leaned over to her husband and whispered: "Listen, Ferdinand. I think that you had better see Jacob and invite him to dinner. Tell him that I must see him without fail, as I have something of interest to him to tell him."

### Peace

SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O. P.

A single chord from some great harmony,  
The voice of birds that wake to love in Spring,  
Or some old, simple song that children sing,  
Comes fraught with stillness, seeming verily  
A shining feather fallen from her wing.

The stars in far, untroubled spaces glow,  
Like countless candles lighted at her shrine,  
To tired, mortal eyes her gracious sign  
That men who have not found her yet may know  
Peace dwells eternal, infinite, divine,

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AT that moment the arrival of the mail was announced, and Diogenes took advantage of the confusion that ensued to seize Uncle Frasquito firmly by the arm and drag him apart from the others. Uncle Frasquito was terrified at finding himself in Diogenes' clutches, and sought to propitiate him by offering him a cigar and calling him affectionate names. But Diogenes fixed him with his red eyes as a snake does an unwary bird, and imperiously demanded to know whether he was working in league with Jacob.

He in league with Jacob! Of course not! Jacob had asked him for a card of introduction to Father Cifuentes, and he had given him that to get rid of him and his annoying advances. But did Diogenes think that he was leaguering himself with the fellow, and mixing himself up in his sordid intrigues?

Diogenes suddenly released his hold, and asked: "When does Jacob start for Biarritz?"

"To-morrow night." And added ingratiatingly: "Of course, Jacob is attracted by the Monterrubios millions which Elvira is now enjoying. What will she do? I can't imagine that saintly woman starting life again with that Pontius Pilate!"

Diogenes turned his back on him, and Uncle Frasquito, delighted at finding himself free, at the trifling sacrifice of betraying his friend, rushed off to tell Curra that Diogenes was taking the Marchioness of Sabadell's part, and to deplore the fact that the police did not see their way to preventing that terrible old man's attacks on him.

Diogenes left the company, and entering an adjoining writing-room, seized pen and paper and began the following letter:

"My dear Maria:"

Here he stopped, and after scratching his nose thoughtfully, continued:

"To-morrow that Cain of a Jacob Tellez, is starting for Biarritz and intends to try to be reconciled to his unfortunate wife, Elvira. He has escaped from Constantinople, where he has committed I know not what crimes, and has apparently found out that Elvira has some money, and now wants to save her the trouble of spending it. He will have an interview with Father Cifuentes before leaving. I am writing you this news so that you can do something for that poor woman, who is quite capable of handing herself over to the mercies of her husband, if there is no one to advise her. If I can help in any way, even to breaking Jacob's

neck, let me know and I will come. I am still journeying with my sixty-two years on my back to the hospital bed which you have always prophesied for me. I wonder if I shall arrive there before I am sixty-three?

Diogenes.

P. S. A kiss for Monica.

Here he stopped again, shaking his head slowly, while his face assumed an expression of tenderness and sorrow.

Little Monica, a lovely little girl of four years and the darling of his heart, used to pull his whiskers and make him walk on his hands and knees, pulling him by an ear. But one day she had refused to kiss his alcoholic lips, saying with infantile repugnance: "No: you smell bad."

And the cynical Diogenes, who sneered at the virtues of the virtuous and boasted of his gaities in the most indecent places, had felt ashamed before the little girl's repugnance. His face had grown red and his eyes suffused with tears. For three days he had not touched a drop of liquor; but on the fourth he had again surrendered, though he had never attempted to kiss the child since. And even now, at a great distance from the little girl, he felt guilty at writing the word "kiss" in the postscript, and blotted it out, writing instead; "Tell Monica that I will bring her a doll which says 'papa' and 'mamma'."

Then he addressed the envelope to:—

Mme. la Marquise de Villasis,  
Villa Maria,  
Biarritz

\* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE whim of a Queen created in a short time, out of a tiny forgotten village one of the best known centers of fashion. The Empress Eugenie built in Biarritz the Villa Eugenie, and Biarritz rose to the rank of Trouville, Dieppe and Etretat. The Spaniards live there in summer, the Russians in the autumn, and the English in the winter, as though they wished in turn to enjoy its charms and beauties. Villas and palaces arose, and speculative hotels and casinos. Piety alone remained with folded hands. Churches were at a discount in Biarritz.

On the road to Biarritz nestles a lovely villa



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in a small park, on the large iron gates of which is inscribed "Villa Maria." Within the villa, in a small room, two ladies sat by the fireplace and talked, as the clock struck the hour of eleven. One was crying silently, and the other was trying to console her. The latter was around forty years of age, her abundant white hair bound with a simple shell-comb; her embroidered gown with its rich trimmings did not lend charm to her person, but seemed on the contrary to receive from the noble figure of the lady its severe elegance and graceful lines. She was dark of complexion, her features far from perfect, her beauty rather moral than physical. The other lady was younger, but manifestly in poor health and depressed. Her face was pale and oval, and her eyes and mouth expressed a mingled sweetness and sadness. The former were large and blue, filled with a vague exaltation, as is that of grief sustained by hope; the latter was pale and drawn at the corners, indicating habitual suffering, which is the primary sign in those who are hopeless invalids and doomed to death. She wore a dark hat without a veil, a cloak of fur, and a small muff of otter skin, in which she hid her gloved hands.

This was the Marchioness of Sabadell, and the other was her friend Maria Villasis, in whose house she was sitting. That morning the mail had brought important news, for the Marchioness of Villasis had received a letter from Diogenes and another long letter from Father Cifuentes. The Marchioness of Sabadell had also received a letter on her return from Mass, a letter which had shaken whatever sensitiveness still lurked in her heart; for the moment the unhappy lady had thought that she was going to faint.

It had been ten years since she had last seen Jacob's writing. Glancing at the envelope, a mysterious intuition had given her a certainty of the authorship of the letter. She had entered her bedroom, her brain reeling, had drunk a glass of water, and fallen into an armchair, staring at the letter in her hand, hardly daring to open it.

THE past swept through her mind. Her few days of happiness passed before her, those days when she thought herself perfectly happy in her mad love for her husband. She had forgotten God in her happiness; and this had been her one fault, the fault of an ungrateful child. She realized that perfectly now, and how dearly was she expiating it!

Small infidelities and disenchantments had first occurred, which, however, had not succeeded in overthrowing the idol in her heart, and which she had easily pardoned. Then had come worse infidelities, and at last the discovery of horrible vices. Her idol became a monster, a corrupt mass of evil inclinations, of vile habits, of indomitable passions. She had tried to tear his very image from her heart, but her soul still held to him, clinging to the idol which always lived within her, even amid shame and sorrow.

And then, after all these years, this letter aroused all those memories of crushing sorrows, incredible offences, and black sins. The unfortunate woman feared for herself, as she felt the love for her husband rising once more in her heart, still alive and vital, living without hope, yet as immortal as the very soul itself. She wept bitterly. Thoughts of her son came to her, whom she had defended for so long against his own father; and she was afraid that this weakness of hers would force her to compromise with the temptation which engulfed her.

At the end of the room hung a beautiful picture of the Holy Family, over a small prie-dieu, and on this the Marchioness sank, to read her letter at the Virgin's feet. Jacob brusquely informed his wife that he was on his way to visit her to talk over some important business matters; his visit had met with the approval of Father Cifuentes, an excellent priest whom he had met in Paris. The Marchioness thought that she had not correctly understood this last statement, and read it over and over again. She had never observed the vice of hypocrisy in Jacob; yet this letter was either redolent with it, or else God had worked in him one of His miracles. Was it possible that that heart, frozen in its cold egotism, had been thawed by the influence of Father Cifuentes? It seemed absurd, yet it was possible; she had prayed for this every day of her life for twelve years; and God was so good, so kind, so fatherly!

The Marchioness smothered the voice in her soul which cried out that this was but some villainous farce, in order to admit a ray of hope into her heart, which would dissipate the shadows of her sorrow. Without thought of breakfast, Elvira hurried to her friend's house, deluding herself with the idea of seeking counsel from the clear understanding of the Marchioness of Villasis; yet really seeking but a confirmation of her own hopes.

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THE Marchioness of Villasis knew what to do, for Father Cifuentes had written a full account of his meeting with Jacob. The latter had come to see him, hiding as best he could his suspicions. But on seeing the insignificant little man, plain and even careless of speech, with his hands ever hidden in his sleeves, his fear and suspiciousness had turned to contempt, and with that disdain with which the proud address the humble, he had informed him of his desire to be reunited to his wife, and to forget the past, expressing the wish that the priest himself would urge his wife to accede to his request.

The Jesuit's hands receded further into his sleeves, and he expressed the opinion that nothing was more in accordance with Christian principles than family peace and forgiveness of injuries. But as for advising her Ladyship the Marchioness to accede to the request of his Lordship the Marquis, his Lordship must bear in mind that her Ladyship had not consulted him about the matter, and it was necessary that he be asked for advice before he gave it.

Jacob was about to reply, when Father Cifuentes added that he understood that the Marchioness of Sabadell was about to leave Biarritz, and that in case he did not find her there, it might be prudent of his Lordship to see the Marchioness of Villasis, a great friend of his, intelligent and virtuous, to whom he would give him a letter of introduction, requesting her to interest herself in the matter.

Uncle Frasquito, who, out of curiosity, had made himself a witness of this interview, entered the conversation to say that this was a splendid idea, and that the best thing Jacob could do, would be to interview the Marchioness of Villasis as soon as possible; for what she could not get out of his wife no one else in the world could.

Jacob pondered the idea, and at last decided to write direct to his wife, in order to postpone her departure by news of his arrival, accepted the letter of introduction to the Marchioness of Villasis, and took leave of Father Cifuentes. During the conversation he had with great pains refused to call him Father, addressing him as Senor Cifuentes.

Senor Cifuentes accompanied the pair to the door, his hands still in his sleeves, and upon seeing them depart in a carriage murmured: "What an exact allegory of the world! Folly in league with vice!"

FATHER Cifuentes immediately wrote a letter to the Marchioness of Villasis, explaining Jacob's plans, and requesting her to prevent Jacob meeting Elvira at all costs, so that he might not deceive her again, and also advising her to get rid of, and forever, by some feminine ingenuity, this worthless husband, who now wished to despoil his unfortunate wife, and also injure his innocent son. The Marchioness of Villasis was careful not to tell Elvira all this, but little by little began to undeceive the unfortunate woman. She read the letter which Elvira handed her without a word, and returned it to her. The latter questioned her tearfully, and the Marchioness of Villasis then replied, shaking her head sadly: "I wouldn't believe him under oath!"

Elvira lowered her head, crushed by words which destroyed that castle of hope which she had built in the depths of her heart: "I have prayed so hard! I have wept so much!"

"That is true. But he has lied again and again, and has gone too far!"

"God can perform a miracle."

"And man can make it useless."

"I hope not."

"I am afraid that it is so."

"How do you know?"

"But what reasons have you to think as you do, Elvira?"

Elvira wept bitterly without answering. The Marchioness of Villasis caught her to her breast, and kissed her forehead, whispering softly to her as one does to an unhappy child. She, still weeping, moaned: "But what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Leave Biarritz."

"Where shall I go?"

"To Lourdes, to stay with Our Lady until the storm is over."

"But he will come after me!"

"He will not; I shall stop him."

"But if it should prove true, Maria?" Elvira cried, still holding fast to her hope. "What if his repentance is sincere, and the unfortunate man finds the door closed on him?"

"I shall find that out, and will myself bring him to Lourdes. All three of us will follow you, your husband, your son, and myself."

"Ah! Little Alfonso! Child of my heart! What shall I do with him? Shall I take him with me?"

"No! Let him stay at the College."

"No! No! I cannot do that," cried Elvira.

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"What if his father should find there, and take him away with him? It would kill me! It would kill me!"

Terrified by the thought, the poor lady nearly fainted again. The Marchioness forced her to drink a cup of bouillon and gradually succeeded in quieting her. They then arranged their plans. Elvira was to leave that very evening for Lourdes, taking Mlle. Carmagnac, a most worthy woman and governess of little Monica, with her. The Marchioness of Villasis then dictated a letter for Elvira, which would be given to Jacob when he arrived, and in which Elvira said that urgent business prevented her waiting for him in Biarritz, but that the Marchioness of Villasis had full powers to come to any business arrangements that were necessary with him, Elvira agreeing in advance to whatever decisions they arrived at.

THE two ladies breakfasted together, Elvira leaving with her friend such papers as the Marchioness of Villasis needed for the interview with Jacob. They then left for Guichon, a small town near Biarritz, where the Jesuits, after their expulsion from Spain by the Revolution, had opened the College which the little Alfonso Tellez was attending.

Elvira bade farewell to her son, without telling him where she was going, and the rector of the college, who was acquainted with the lady's affairs,

was told to allow no one to see the boy during his mother's absence, with the exception of the Marchioness of Villasis. The latter took leave of Elvira at the station, and returned to the Villa Maria, sad and thoughtful. She shut herself in her room, and passed the greater part of the night glancing through Elvira's papers. The next morning she went to the chapel of St. Eugene, where she heard two Masses and received Holy Communion.

The day was beautiful, and suggested the coming of spring. At three that afternoon the Marchioness ordered all the windows opened, that the sun and air might pour into the house. In the garden, little Monica's cries, while skipping rope, merged with the breaking of the sea against the coast. The Marchioness leaned out of the window and watched the child at play. This little girl was her grandchild, the only daughter of her own child, who had died five years before, and whose father's death had left her doubly an orphan.

The Marchioness suddenly closed the window and seated herself at a small desk nearby. A carriage could be heard in the distance, and a few minutes afterwards a servant entered to announce the Marquis of Sabadell. The servant had no sooner left the room than the Marchioness crossed herself, glanced for a brief moment at the picture of the Virgin, and then turned toward the door, smiling and as serene as when she received her friends at her house in Madrid.

(To be continued)

## Catholic Schools and Colleges for Catholics

NO subject of greater importance or of more lasting consequences can occupy the minds of Catholic Parents and guardians at this time, than the selection of the *proper* School or College for those entrusted to their care. For Catholics there is one prime requisite to be looked for in the selection of a school. The fostering of the religious nature of the young. Where a Catholic School or Academy or College is possible, no other can be equally good. For many Professional men and women, attendance at a non-sectarian institu-

tion has been their spiritual undoing. They had faith they had religion when they began their studies, but the flippant remarks about religion blasted and blighted in them the rare and fair flower of religion. It is rash to presume on the strength of faith in your son or your daughter, and no advantage can compensate them or justify you, if it be lost, for the Good Master says:—"What will it profit you if you gain the whole world, but suffer the loss of your own soul."

# What Do You Know About:

## Vocations?

**I**N the April number of THE SIGN the subject of vocations was treated at some length, and emphasis was laid on the serious nature of the subject, and one of the very common errors pointed out, regarding the vocation to the state of marriage. In this installment it is hoped to state clearly, the other error that is quite common, and not less productive of lasting evils.

Practically speaking, we may say there are four states in life. The unmarried state, the married state, the religious state, and the state of holy orders, or of the priesthood.

The single or unmarried state is that in which a man or woman chooses to remain for one or several of a variety of reasons. Some have no inclination or a positive repugnance for any other state. Others on account of health or other physical cause are unable to fulfill the obligations of any other state. And a very large number have sacrificed all hope of entering any other state to give care and comfort to aged parents, or a sheltering home to orphaned brothers and sisters.

The married state is that in which a man and woman enter by means of the sacrament of Matrimony. They solemnly engage before God's altar to live together in love and harmony, and to bring forth and rear the children whom God will entrust to them, and thus fulfill God's command, "increase and multiply and fill the earth." It is their sublime privilege not only to people the earth, to raise up children for the Church, God's Kingdom on earth, but to lead forth from Christian homes, recruits for the Priesthood and for the religious life both in monastery and convent.

By the religious life is understood that state in which a man or a woman binds himself or herself to God by the vows of religion to strive after intimate love and friendship for God. This is the essential purpose of the religious state. There are accidental differences, peculiar to each order, such as the strict enclosure in cloistered orders, and the various charities that engage others, preaching, teaching, caring for the aged, sick, wayward and orphans in homes or institutions.

Lastly there is the state of holy orders or that of the holy priesthood, in which a man is associated with Jesus Christ the Supreme High Priest and

shares in His priesthood for God's Glory and the salvation of human souls. He accomplishes the sublime purposes of his holy calling by his power over the real body of Christ, in celebrating Holy Mass.; over the mystical body of Christ, the faithful of Holy Church, by the ministry of the word, and by administering the sacraments.

Having premised this short account of the various states in life, we may now proceed to state, what is the second error concerning vocation. And this error consists in not knowing what is, in the judgement of the Church, a vocation. Many who desire to enter the priesthood or the religious life, are at a loss to know whether they have a call from God to this state in life. They have read somewhere or heard it said, that no one should aspire to the higher life, without a special vocation. God must call them to it. This *call*, it is quite generally believed, is nothing else than the subjective feeling that God wants them to be a priest, or a religious, or at least a certain attraction for the priesthood or the religious state. This subjective *feeling* or *attraction* is regarded as the work of the Holy Ghost. In consequence of this belief it follows that no one dare enter the seminary or monastery or convent, unless or until they realize this interior disposition above referred to, and on the other hand it is wrong and hazardous to resist such an attraction or feeling, because it is resisting the voice and working of the Holy Ghost in the soul.

There is many a young man and many a young woman, who has been harassed by a thousand doubts because they are anxious to know what is their vocation in life? Some esteemed and dear friend has gone to the seminary or to the convent, or the confessor has asked them what their intentions are concerning the future, and remembering this false notion about vocation, they are at a loss for an answer.

There exists no uncertainty in the answer to the question: "What is a Vocation? The Church has explicitly answered the question concerning the call to the priesthood, and by implication supplies the answer concerning the call to the monastery or convent. That the above notion is not the correct answer to the question is beyond all question. It is utterly false and ruinous, as we shall show in the next issue of THE SIGN.



# Archconfraternity of



# the Sacred Passion

## The Heart of Jesus Crucified

**D**EVOUT Catholics throughout the world consecrate the month of June to the honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. They strive to give more than usual attention to piety and good works, which may in some measure express their appreciation of Our Divine Lord's love for men. They know also that several Popes have granted rich and numerous blessings to all who thus give the month to Christ.

The members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion should regard the month of June as a golden opportunity to understand more of Our Lord's sufferings, and likewise to inflame their zeal to promote this devotion in the hearts of others. To behold the Heart of Jesus is to see the signs of His Passion; to be truly devoted to the Sacred Heart means a knowledge of His Sorrows and Sufferings. From Our Lord's own words and actions while on earth, as well as from the teaching of His disciples and the saints, it will be seen the Sacred Passion and the Sacred Heart are so intimately united that devotion to one means at the same time devotion to the other.

The Apostles accompanied the Divine Master from place to place. They heard His preaching to the people. They witnessed His gentleness and kindness to the poor and afflicted. They marvelled at the many ways He sought out and converted sinners. Still it might be said they knew little of His Sacred Heart. For they understood at that time nothing of His Passion and Death.

Our Divine Savior revealed His Sacred Heart to men as often as He foretold to them His Sacred Passion. The Redemption of mankind was the one mystery Jesus most desired to accomplish. His sufferings and His death were to be the fullest revelation of His Infinite Love for men. Therefore He yearned for "the hour," when He would "lay down His life for His friends."

**T**OWARDS the end of His life, Jesus publicly declared it was the Passion which filled His Heart. St. Luke records His words in the twelfth chapter of the Gospel. He was speaking to the people of the judgments of God. He warned the Apostles that even they would have to render an account of their stewardship. He threatened the Scribes and Pharisees, because of their hypocrisy and oppression of the poor. In the midst of His

sermon, He clearly made known His love for men and His desire to be loved by them. He said at the same time His whole Heart was throbbing with the desire to suffer and shed His Blood for love of mankind.

"I am come to cast fire on the earth," said Jesus, "and what will I, but that it be kindled. And I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized; and how am I straightened until it be accomplished." Explaining these words of the Divine Master, the eminent preacher, Bossuet, tells us the fire, which Christ desired to light up in every heart, was His own love. Then he continues: "Oh, my

Savior, this Baptism wherewith Thou didst long to be baptized was the baptism of Thy Blood, wherein Thou wast to be plunged for our transgressions by Thy most grievous Passion."

It was at the Last Supper, the night before His Passion and Death, that Jesus most clearly manifested His Heart to men. Pleading then with the Apostles to love Him, Jesus exclaimed: "He that loveth Me, shall be loved of My Father; and I will love him; and will manifest Myself to him. If anyone love Me, he will keep My word; and My Father will love him, and we will come to him and will make our abode with him." Such was the promise of the Sacred Heart at the Last Supper.

He continued: "As the Father hath loved Me, so also I have loved you. Abide in My love. If you keep My commandments, you shall abide in



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My love. This is My commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends. You are My friends, if you do the things that I command you." Thus the Sacred Heart would have them understand that His Passion would be the proof of His love for them.

**F**INALLY, Jesus prayed for them. "Just Father, the world hath not known Thee. But I have known Thee, and these have known that Thou hast sent Me. And I have made known Thy Name to them, and will make it known, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them and I in them." Could the Divine Heart of Christ have made itself known more clearly!

Jesus was betrayed that same night into the power of His enemies. He was scourged, crowned with thorns, and crucified. The awful scenes followed each other quickly, and finally ended with His death on the Cross. Then "one of the soldiers opened His Side with a spear, and immediately there came out blood and water." In this way Jesus finished the work He came on earth to do. He loved mankind so much, as to give the very last drops of blood in His Sacred Heart for their happiness and eternal salvation.

The Savior of men pointed to this Wound in His Sacred Heart when the Apostles hesitated to believe in His Resurrection from the dead. He made the doubting Thomas place his hand in that same Wound, not only that he might be convinced of the truth but also that men would understand it was for love of them He suffered and died and rose again.

Frequently in the writings of the Apostles, the Passion of Our Lord is mentioned with the infinite love of the Sacred Heart. Thus St. Peter says: "Christ suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow in His footsteps. For you were as sheep going astray, but now you are converted to the shepherd and bishop of your souls." More familiar is the saying of St. Paul: "Christ loved me, and delivered Himself up for me."

The Apostle St. John seemed to surpass all the others in His devotion to the Divine Master. Exhorting the first Christians, he says: "Let us therefore love God, because God hath first loved us. In this we have known the charity of God, because He hath laid down His life for us." Again, he writes: "God hath first loved us and sent His Son

to be a propitiation for our sins." In writing the history of the Passion, He begins with the words: "Having loved His own, who were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Then he relates the incidents of Our Lord's sufferings and death to show how He loved mankind unto the end.

**T**HROUGH the ages, many saints studied the love of the Divine Heart of Christ through His Cross and Passion. It was this twofold devotion that gave so much courage and strength and peace to the apostles, martyrs, and missionaries in every nation.

St. Paul of the Cross indeed gave his life to preaching the Cross and Passion of Our Lord. It is noteworthy that he was directed by Our Lord and by the Mother of Sorrows to wear a badge that resembled the Sacred Heart seen by St. Margaret Mary—the heart surmounted by the small cross and within the signs of the Passion. That St. Paul of the Cross was truly devoted to the Sacred Heart may be judged from the incident recorded in his life, that on one occasion when he was before a large Crucifix, he was lifted up to Our Lord's Side, and the arm of the Crucified unloosened from the nails and surrounded the Saint pressing him closely to the Divine Heart of Jesus.

Friday, the one day every week, dedicated to the memory of the Passion, was chosen by Our Savior Himself as the day to remember and to honor His Sacred Heart. In the devotions of the Holy Hour, the Sacred Heart and the Sacred Passion are brought together in adoration, and thanksgiving.

But it is the spirit of reparation which makes the devotion to the Passion and to the Divine Heart of Our Savior alike. Jesus offered Himself in His passion and Death in reparation for the sins of mankind. Likewise the essential feature of all devotions to His Sacred Heart, the prayers and Holy Communions and acts of consecration and novenas and days of retreat are multiplied to atone for the insults and outrages, the indifference and contempt, the ingratitude and sinfulness of mankind. From the Cross as well as from the Tabernacle goes forth those sad words of the Master: "Behold the Heart, which has loved mankind so much!" Infinitely great are the blessings and gifts He bestows on those who remember Him and love Him and keep His words.

# With the Passionists in China

## Hankow to Changteh

**I**N the last letter sent to THE SIGN I spoke about the delay in Hankow unavoidable because of the celebration of the New Year's Festival by the Chinese. We were impatient to be on our way, so on Wednesday, February first, we were enabled to get passage on one of the boats of the Sun Ying Lung Coal and Coke Company. Our staterooms were about the size of a good sized packing case, and the only furnishings supplied to passengers was a smoky oil lamp. We were obliged to provide our own beds and rations. To reach our quarters it was necessary to go down a ladder through a small opening barely large enough to admit of passage.

The boat was scheduled to start at four o'clock and we hurried on board, but it was seven before the boat was under way. The Reverend Father Maurice and Mr. Sullivan and Dr. Francis were there to wish us God speed on our journey. We were accompanied by Fr. Gregory as far as Changteh. Supper and indeed all meals on the journey were taken under difficulties, and throughout the trip we had to depend entirely on canned goods without even the luxury of having them warmed before eating.

At nine o'clock the boat stopped, and the captain said it was impossible to find the channel in the dark; in reality it was that the captain and crew might spend the night at the favorite pastime of gambling. The room chosen for the purpose was next to ours and all night long the shouting and singing would have gone on, but wearied beyond endurance Father Gregory went to the room and in unmistakable language told the party that if the singing and yelling did not stop at once he would throw them bodily into the river. They fear the foreigners, and from then on we had comparative quiet, though we could hear the rattle of the dominoes and the click of copper coins. This was

the order of exercises each night, and the captain was never at a loss to offer a new excuse. We protested vigorously against the delay, and Father Gregory threatened to denounce them to the authorities, but all in vain.



FIRST BAPTISM IN CHINA BY THE PASSIONISTS

**O**N Friday towards noon, the day consecrated to the sacred memory of Our Lord's Passion, we entered the promised land—Hunan. The sun smiled a pleasant welcome to the first band of Passionists to enter this province—and by the way—the last province of China to admit the foreigner within its borders. With one accord we offered heartfelt thanks to God for the protection vouchsafed us thus far, and we begged St. Paul and St. Gabriel to beseech the God of Light to render fruitful our labors in this land of spiritual darkness.

After a short while we entered Tung-Ting Lake. This lake at high water measures sixty by seventy-five miles, though when we came to it, it was only a crisscross of channels, and so shallow that only boats of small draft could make the passage. Little by little the stream we were following had become narrower and shallower, until at six o'clock the following evening we came to a small village where we were obliged to change to sampans.

We divided the baggage and passengers, and we named the three sampans we occupied the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina. There being no wind, poles were used to push the craft, and the speed was not very great. The boatmen said they feared to continue during the night on account of robbers farther upstream. So we followed the conduct of the others that made up the fleet and tied up for the night.

We went to sleep as best we could to the music of the tom-tom and cymbals furnished by those who believe that music has charms all its own to fill one with the spirit of a Chinese New Year's Festival. It was our first night spent in a Chinese sampan, but we slept soundly, although obliged to crouch in curious fashion.

**V**ERY early in the morning we were again on the way, and Father Agatho had somehow contrived to attach the Stars and Stripes to a pole, and the sight was a cause of wonder to all beholders. Our progress was annoyingly slow, but there was no way to better conditions; the men rowed when the depth of the water permitted, at other times used the poles and pushed. Now and then the boats were stuck in the mud, but the boatmen promptly plunged waist deep into the cold water pulling, pushing and in everywise coaxing the craft to move forward. About four o'clock we changed to a river

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steamer already crowded, but somehow we managed to get aboard. In the transfer some of our baggage was quite soaked with water, otherwise all was well.

We had several more changes of this kind from steamers to sampans, and back again to steamers. A change had to be made at a small island as the water was too shallow to allow the boat to go around it. Everything on board was thrown into the mud. Crossing the island, wading through the deep, slimy, sticky mud, everyone loaded to capacity with bags and pans, and pots and kettles, is pleasant enough to write about, but made us feel that in some ways at least we were pioneers.

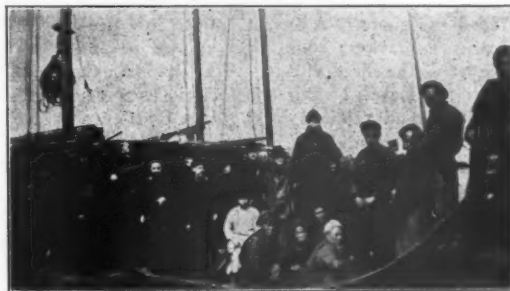
At last Changteh is in sight. We travelled exactly one hundred and twenty miles in five days! one could have gone from New York to San Francisco in less time. Wearied and tired we were welcomed by Father Vincent in charge of the Mission here, and he was more than princely in his hospitality. He sought in every way to make our visit pleasant and memorable. The Christians of the district were assembled to greet the Sen-Fus from America; all piously knelt for the blessing and were gladdened by the little pictures and medals we gave them.

This mission at Changteh is most successful. There are seven hundred converted Christians and over three thousands Catechumens under instruction. During the night an infant had been left at the Mission, and Father Vincent baptized it at once fearing it would not live long. He named it Paula in honor of our Holy Founder, St. Paul of the Cross. Paula had not long to wait for heaven, for within a few hours her soul went to God. The Mission has in its care more than two hundred of these abandoned babies. The same day two more little ones were found, and it was Father Agatho's privilege to baptize both, calling one Gabriella after St. Gabriel, and the other Justina after our Very Reverend Father Provincial, to whose zeal for the salvation of souls, the Pas-

sionist Mission in China largely owes its inception.

### Changteh to Shenchowfu

ONLY one more journey till we shall be in the land of promise, that place which for years was uppermost in our thoughts and desire. We heard souls cry out from afar "Come" and in six or eight days' journey our hopes were to be realized. With such thoughts in mind it will not be surprising to any one to know we were eager to be off and going; so, down to the shore we went anxious to obtain shipping. Happily there was a large Chinese Junk tied up at the wharf, and quite unexpectedly we were able to commandeer it for our journey. Our departure was made the occasion of much excitement.



CHINESE JUNK, PASSENGERS AND CREW

Father Vincent had a large banner painted in Chinese characters, which announced to the passers-by that the occupants of the barge were destined for Shenchowfu to preach the religion of the Lord of heaven. This was done as a precaution against the bandits who infest the river, but as a rule do not molest the missionaries. The fact that our departure was, to be on the First Friday of the month, made us feel that the Sacred Heart of our Saviour would bless our journey and our work.

THE Christians who lived in the vicinity of the church came to bid us farewell. Then all went to the church where prayers were said for God's blessing on the missionaries and their future work. At a signal from Father

Vincent the faithful stopped their loud prayers, and the priests recited alternately the "Benedictus." When we came to the boat we hoisted an American Flag beneath the Mission Banner, although the mast was covered with emblems of pagan superstition. A few minutes of final preparation and we were off. Our party was made up of Father Leopold, the Pastor of Shenchowfu, a catechist, three men, and the wife and child of one of them, and the six Passionists. The crew of the Junk consisted of seventeen men; as there was neither steam nor motor power, we had to depend on the wind, and when it failed, on the power of the men.

At Houfu a short stop was made to visit the seminary of the Augustinian Fathers, as well as to see the church. Father Victorinus and Father Francis paid a short visit to the boat, and were treated to a cup of tea, something always on tap in the Far East.

Progress at night is impossible on this river, so we had to tie up at a small river port. As usual, when the boat had been boarded in, the Fathers recited the Rosary and night prayers, while in the next tiny cabin, the Christians chanted their Rosary and Litanies in a plaintive tone. These poor Chinese would never think of retiring without these devotions, and we could not help thinking that there was a time in our own country when no family that called itself Catholic would retire without doing the same. More than this these same Christians are not in the least afraid that their neighbors will hear them at their prayers, for the occupants of the other boats wondered at the unfamiliar sounds.

ON Sunday morning we had Holy Mass. It was indeed a charming sight, and one that inspired devotion. The darkened cabin, lighted only by the candles on the tiny altar, the Fathers and Christians kneeling in silent prayer



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BEGGING FOR A LITTLE RICE

as Father Leopold recited the beautiful prayers in the liturgy of the church for the first Sunday in Lent: "He shall call upon Me, and I shall hear him. He that dwelleth in the help of the Most High shall abide under the protection of the God of Heaven." And the beseeching words of the Epistle: "Brethren, we do exhort you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." As if the Saviour was stretching forth His arms to the children of darkness, begging them to receive the message now being brought to them by the Sons of the Cross and Passion. Then the tiny tinkle of the little bell, as the heads bowed low in reverence, and the snow-white Host is lifted heavenwards, the clean oblation of the true Church of God.

By this time we had come to the rapids in the river. After Mass was finished we went outside to feast our eyes on the glorious sight, glorious in spite of the dangers that were possible at any moment.

Notwithstanding the brisk wind which favored us, progress was impossible by sail alone, and the crew waded to shore and pulled the boat along. A long stout rope is attached to the mast, and fastened by many shorter ones to the sailors on shore. At times one hundred men are strung along the shore tugging at the various boats, and when one tries to pass another boat, there is no end to the fun. The yelling and confusion is frightful.

ON the morning of March sixth, we entered the district assigned to us for our future labors. A great salute of fire-crackers took place as we passed the first village. Was it for us? Hardly! But we took it as such, and rejoiced in the fact that even if we did not have the questionable protection of the pagan gods, we had that which is far better, the protection of the Lord of Heaven.

Later on we passed the first mission station, Liou Lin Cha. Here there is a small chapel erected, a tiny white affair, nestling at the foot of one of the most beautiful moun-

tains. Two giant dome-shaped mountains stand guard over the district, their sides a barren slate, their tops crowned with green, and softly veiled by the fleecy clouds.

Father Leopold is able to visit these Christians only once or twice a year, but later on, with God's help, we hope to have a resident priest and catechist here, to continue the work so well begun.

The captain of the steamboat running between Shanghai and Hankow had informed us that our mission was founded amid the most beautiful scenery in the world. This may have been an exaggeration, but certainly not a great one.

We cannot describe the joy that filled our souls when rounding a curve in the stream, Shenchowfu was seen in the distance. God be praised for His wonderful protection vouchsafed us during the last three months.

The Fathers and Brother, without exception, have been singularly well, and the inconveniences have only served to make each one more willing to suffer, if God so wills it, for the sake of the work to which we have been chosen. We are about to disembark, and as many things, doubtless, will claim our attention on arrival, we had better close this letter now. We hope in our next letter to THE SIGN to tell about



VICTIMS OF STARVATION FOR MARCH 5TH

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our mission, and, as far as possible, our plans of campaign.

The Fathers  
per Father Celestine.

**S**INCE the foregoing was received, several smaller letters have come from the Fathers. In these they tell us they were brought face to face with the horrifying spectacle of men and women dying from starvation, and the land one of paupers. It will be quite shocking to our sensibilities to see the grim reality, as portrayed in the accompanying illustrations, but when famine stalks abroad, delicate sensibilities must yield place to human sympathy. We quote from one of these letters:

"The accompanying picture tells its own story. Don't think there is any exaggeration, for I assure you there is not. Today I sent what money I could spare to a priest in another district where the famine is also reaping a plentiful harvest of human beings. I realize it is early to ask for help, but what can you do when each day you are greeted by an army of beggars who ask for food, and you come face to face with such scenes as the one here pictured. I begrudge myself the food I take, and each day I have prayed God at Holy Mass to cause our American people to realize what hunger means, what starvation means, what famine means. These poor people are clothed in rags. They are ragged and cold, but they say nothing of all this—only food—a bowl of rice, something to eat. Oh, if our American people could realize what famine meant, especially they whom God has blessed with abundance, and super-abundance, such conditions as exist here, could not and should not exist. It is a blot on civilization, and civilization is doing nothing to alleviate the human misery that exists here in abundance. Christian charity alone can help, and will help, the charity of Christ that will share its own morsel with those who have nothing and are dying of hunger and starvation."

**F**ROM another letter we quote as follows:

"I am enclosing a picture

which will give you an idea of the deaths caused by the famine in the district entrusted to our care. This is death's toll for March 5th. This picture was taken in the city of

Donations received to May 10th. for the Chinese Missions are hereby, gratefully acknowledged. These donations shall form the nucleus of a "Burse" to be named in honor of the Founder of the Passionist Order, St. Paul of the Cross.

Mite Box donations and "Mission Crusades" in Schools, Academies, Sodalities, Nurses in Hospitals, and Mission Circles in Parishes, will be placed to the credit of the "Burse" in honor of St. Gabriel the Passionist Student Saint, recently canonized.

### St. Paul's Burse:—

M. A., Jersey City.....	\$20.00
A. W. Whitestone, N. Y.....	5.00
M. A., Madison, N. J.....	100.00
St. Michael's, Pittsburgh, Pa.	25.00
M. W. Baltimore, Md.....	5.00
Mrs. L. J. O., Buechel, Ky...	1.00
M. W. Scranton, Pa.....	1.00
M. Mc A., Jersey City.....	5.00
Mrs. M. Newton Falls, Mass..	5.00
Sister M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00
Rev. A., Dunkirk, N. Y.....	10.00
Anon., West Hoboken.....	2.00
M. S., Davenport, Iowa.....	2.00
R. H., Iowa City, Iowa.....	1.00
K. R. S., New York.....	1.00
R. W., St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00
In memory of E. R.....	10.00

### St. Gabriel's Burse

Mission Crusade, Catonsville, Md. ....	25.00
Friend .....	1.00
Mite Box, Mrs. C., Bayonne.	10.85
Mite Box, M. T. M., Newark.	2.85
Mite Box, D. C., Jersey City..	3.88
Mite Box, L. & G., Jersey City	.60
Mite Box, Anon., West Hoboken .....	4.74
Mite Box, Mrs. A. Jersey City	2.07

Yuanchow, in the southern part of our territory.

The Catholic Mission in Yuanchow was opened last year by Father Hippolytus, O. S. A., the present

pastor. On Christmas Day nineteen were baptized, and the outlook for the future is promising. However, the Protestant minister, angered at the interest shown in the Catholic religion, even by many of his own proselytes, offered them five dollars (a munificent sum to these poor people) if they would stay away from the Catholic chapel. The attraction at the Catholic chapel could not have been money, for the priest is poor, and does not receive the alms which are constantly being sent to the Protestants.

Yuanchow is a large city, probably the largest in our district. When our American Passionists have settled there, we hope to have a flourishing mission.

Conditions in Shenchowfu are bad also. It does not seem possible that a human creature could be reduced to such a pitiable state through lack of food. To walk through the city and see the streets with hundreds of famished creatures, begging for a bowl of rice, would draw tears from the eyes of the most hardened.

In the rear of our mission is a large pagoda where the city doles out a mere pittance of rice daily to the destitute. Many poor creatures die there nightly from hunger and disease.

Later on, God willing, we hope to have a place in which to keep some of the little orphans. The majority of these die after a few weeks or a month. Our object is to secure the grace of Baptism for these little ones so dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Of course this means money, but we know that our friends in America will help us. At Lichow, the Bishop's residence (many miles from here, and not in our territory) there is a large orphan asylum. Good Father Abraham, the priest in charge, has truly labored as the Father of a chosen people among these abandoned children. Since the work of the Holy Infancy was started, he has received and baptized thirteen thousand babies. Of this great number, only about five hundred are now living. He showed me the plain little wooden caskets, a supply of which is always kept on hand."

## Index to Worthwhile Reading

**A Catechism of Christian Doctrine.** Rev. Michael J. Duffy; New York.

Not the least of the many important laws promulgated by the Church during the Pontificate of the Saintly Pius X. were those relating to the necessity of teaching the Catechism of Christian Doctrine. He did not disdain, although Supreme Pontiff, to teach catechism to the poor of Rome. The knowledge of the truths of faith, the obligations of the commandments of God and of the Church, and the established channels of grace to the soul, supplies to conscience, the standard of right believing and right doing, and this knowledge, almost without exception comes from the catechism and the instruction based on the catechism.

The well educated Catholic is in nearly every instance the good living Catholic, whilst the Catholics whose religious instruction has been neglected, are in the main, the ones who neglect duty and not unfrequently fall away from God and from all religion. They were baptized, but never learned the catechism.

The author's apology for publishing a new catechism is stated in his "Foreword"; that the catechisms in use are beyond the capacity of the generality of children of the grammar grades. The language used, bristles with words that convey no meaning to the child-mind. Special care has been bestowed on the chapters: "The Church," "The Mass," "The Eucharist," to make them more suited to the needs of our times and country.

**Indulgences as a Social Factor in the Middle Ages.** Dr. N. Paulus, Devin-Adair Co., New York. \$1.35.

To write the history of indulgences in the Middle Ages, Dr. Paulus had, perforce, to portray the beneficent work in all manner of good causes, which the people carried on. The inducement of the peculiar spiritual reward implied in indulgences, was used not only for works immediately connected with Divine Service in Spiritual Works of Mercy, but also for such temporal terrene causes,

as bridge building, upkeep of dams, road repairs, etc. Bridges secured the safety of the pilgrim—the Middle Ages is famous for its charity for the traveller—hence bridge-building was a work of mercy. "The Bridge Brothers" had a long catalog of indulgences to their credit. Any cause that benefited the society of town or state was a good work, and to contribute thereto, was an act deserving of a spiritual reward—a powerful incentive to the individual. Louis IX carried earth to fill an arm of a canal, that he might draw on the riches held in the Treasury of the Church. Colonization was for the good of society, as well as a means of bringing the faith to the natives. So Pope Alexander grants a plenary indulgence to those who would settle in America. Indulgences were offered to create the "Montes Pietatis"—credit organizations or banks, which held working capital to come to the rescue of the poor. Indulgences, much misunderstood and much maligned, were the powerful instigators of all the social, as well as religious works of the Middle Ages.—Within the boards of this small book is compressed a vast amount of interesting historical information.

**Sister Benigna Consolata (Visitandine).** Georgetown Visitation Convent, Washington, D. C.

"This Life tells us that we have saints with us always. The Past is shining with its aureoles, as multitudinous as the stars of heaven. But the Present, too, is weaving aureoles." St. Margaret Mary Alacoque seems born again in her sister in religion, Benigna Consolata. Our Lord called her His "Little Secretary"—"The Apostle of My Mercy." And the extracts which this sketch contains leave no doubt in the mind that the communications she transcribed came straight from the Heart of Christ. The extracts are sufficient to make us share the regret of the authors of the little memoir that they cannot give more at length these writings marked with divine delicacy and sweetness.

**The Conversion of the Pagan World,** translated and adapted. Rev. Joseph McGlinchey. Boston, Mass. \$1.50 postpaid.

This is a book with a mission. The call has come to the American Church to go out to the ends of the earth to preach the Gospel. Apostles we all must be according to the special work which is variously required of every one of the household of the Faith. This is the manual in which is set forth what the work is and what each may do that the mission confided to us fail not. Part one treats of the Mission Field; part two, The Workers; part three, Christian Co-operation; and part four, Mission Aid Societies.

No one can read the work without a conviction that he or she has a mission—the Pentecostal mission of carrying the Faith to those who have not even heard of the glad tidings of the Redemption of Christ.

This mission is a personal obligation for every Catholic without exception and for each implies personal sacrifice. We cannot all go into heathen lands. The Missioner goes as representative of all. His sacrifice is to leave home and country and labor unceasingly, amid privations and with no comforts. They who stay at home, must co-operate and support their representatives who have gone forth. Every Catholic is bound to pray for the foreign missions, and thus render fruitful the preaching of the apostles of the Church. They must do more than that. They must contribute the money needed. This book tells what is our obligation, and should make of every reader a zealous apostle, and should therefore be in every Catholic Home, and on the shelves of every parish and sodality library. Concerning this volume Cardinal O'Connell writes: "... It should be the spiritual bell of our Mission Seminaries, the text book for the members of the Priests' Missionary Union and of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, the widespread instrument of propaganda of the American Board of Catholic Missions."

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